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Contents.

	PAGE
SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS	297
STATE OF POPULAR FEELING IN ROME	299
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GÖRRES	301
JOURNAL OF THE WEEK	303
REVIEWS: Mr. Brooke's Journals	307
Webb's Continental Ecclesiology	309
Life of St. Guthlac	312
SHORT NOTICES	313
FINE ARTS: Prof. Leslie's Lectures at the Royal Academy	313
The Suffolk-Street Exhibition	315
ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER:	
The Catholic Poor-School Committee	316
Mixed Schools conducted by Mistresses	317
DOCUMENTS: Lamartine's Reply to the Irish Delegates	317
Outline of some of the leading Principles of the New Prussian Constitution	318
MISCELLANIES: The London Weather—Prince Metternich and the Archduke John	318

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

WE return to the very important subject of Sunday recreations in this country, for the purpose of explaining more fully what we have already stated on the topic.* We must beg our readers' attention to two distinct points; first, the view itself which we have upheld as an advisable mode of occupying a portion of the Day of Rest; secondly, the expediency of putting forth this view in the broad, unhesitating manner which we were so bold as to adopt.

First, then, while we maintain the inherent lawfulness of all recreations, in themselves innocent, on the Lord's day, and therefore venture an opinion, that in certain cases they are not only to be permitted, but encouraged, we do not dream for a moment of pretending that all sports are equally advisable or expedient in every individual instance, or under every possible circumstances. What we most zealously have declared is, that neither from the words of Holy Scripture, nor from the injunctions of the Christian Church, have we the slightest ground for maintaining that amusement, as such, is contrary to the divine ordinance that the Lord's day shall be kept holy. The notion that it is *wrong*, in itself, to refresh the body and mind by any sort of harmless recreations whatever, is a mere modern and human invention, as contrary to the commands of inspiration as we believe it to be destructive of practical religion and morality. It is a flagrant violation of the spirit of our blessed Lord's express declaration, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Whether or not, in any country, or in any individual case, the use of lively sports and games should be encouraged among religious persons, must be determined by a due consideration for the infirmities of human nature, and of the possibility of elevating all mankind to a state almost resembling that state of existence to which we hope to come hereafter. The popular mode of spending Sunday, be it remembered, is a question which intimately concerns the *average* class of Christians, and the *average* standard of intellectual cultivation. The clergyman, the father of a family, the legislator, the mas-

ter of a school or college, has to make his arrangements, and to give his sanction to all such matters, with especial reference to the great majority of mankind, and not to those happy few, who are so favoured by nature and by grace as to be able to anticipate the occupations of heaven during their mortal life. Who is there, then, who knows what are the intellectual and spiritual attainments of the great bulk of Christians, who would force upon them the perfections of the angelic life, before the almighty power of God had conferred upon them the due vocation? Who is there, animated with the Christian spirit of compassionateness and tenderness for all mankind, who would not *sanction and encourage* in thousands of men and women a mode of spending the latter portion of the Lord's day, which is unquestionably not *forbidden* by the laws of God and of his Church? We cannot forget—we dare not forget—that nine-tenths of mankind are utterly unequal to mental exertion of any prolonged duration. They cannot think deeply, or study, or fix their attention, beyond a certain limited period. Their brain is confused, their ideas bewildered, their feelings depressed or morbidly excited; and it becomes morally impossible that they should then continue their prayers, meditations, or studies, with any profit to themselves, or benefit to others. We appeal to every person who has had large experience in directing the spiritual course of his fellow-men, whether this is not repeatedly the case; and whether it is not the rule of the prudent spiritual physician to *enjoin* a cessation from religious occupations, until such time as the infirmities of poor human nature allow it once more to undertake its more lofty and celestial duties. We appeal to all such, whether it is not true that the more complete the relaxation, the more rapid and decisive is the recovery of intellectual strength and self-possession. And we appeal also to those thousands of conscientious souls who, being desirous of acting rigidly upon the principles of Christian obligation, are yet thrown upon themselves for guidance, and constrained to act in all such matters upon their own responsibility and their own interpretation of the divine precept which enjoins the sanctification of the Lord's day, whether they have not again and again experienced what is little less than mental torture in their efforts to occupy themselves with religious subjects to an extent which is beyond their physical and intellectual powers.

Noble, great, and glorious as is the destiny of man, and eternal as will be his future existence, we cannot forget the fact, that the great bulk of mankind are in this life almost wholly occupied with the trivialities of temporal existence, and busied with matters which call for little or no exercise of the highest faculties of the mind. The shopman, the mechanic, the country-labourer, goes through his round of daily duties, almost like an animated machine. A very modified use of his mental powers is sufficient for the calls of his common occupations. He grows up, lives, and dies, an almost uncultivated being. What, then, can he do on that

See Rambler, No. 12.

VOL. I.

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happy day when the law of God sets him free from his daily toils? How is it *possible* that he should fix his attention on subjects the most awful, the most profound, the most affecting, except for a certain portion of the Lord's day? and how unspeakably important it is that when these exalting exercises are concluded, he should be taught to amuse himself with a clear conscience, in such a manner as may furnish the most complete refreshment to his faculties, both of body and mind.

Let not us, who are the privileged few, to whom thought is easy, and study an enjoyment, and conversation an enlivening pleasure, deny to the vast majority of mankind those relaxations which alone are pleasures to *them*, because we find that such gaieties and sports are not necessary to *us*. Let not us, who pass our weeks, from Monday till Saturday, in such constant intellectual exercise, that the quiet repose of a steady English Sunday is more than sufficient refreshment to our jaded faculties; let not us impose upon the vast unintellectual world of the middle and lower classes so rigid a rule as will practically annihilate the spirit of the Christian Sabbath, under an idea that the laws of wisdom and moderation require such a strictness at our hands. Men and women who have no natural taste for thought and study, must have lively, joyous Sunday recreations, or they will either stagnate in a heavy, prudish bondage to propriety, or fly to positive vice and evil company for enjoyment and excitement. We ask again, *what* are the tradesmen, the mechanics, the peasants, the respectable yet uncultivated men of business, the boys and girls to whom literary occupation is a work of labour and pain,—*what* are they to do with themselves on a Sunday evening, when their faculties are fatigued with the devotions of the day, if they do not betake themselves to music, or dancing, or chess, or cards, or drawing? Let those who object to these things as evil provide a better substitute, or else take upon themselves the fearful responsibility of laying such a yoke upon their fellow Christians as they are not able to bear, and of driving multitudes to positive excess and sin, through want of some lawful and enlivening refreshment and pleasure. We do most earnestly entreat those who may doubt of the truth or wisdom of what we have before alleged, to reflect upon the incontrovertible fact, that the vast majority of mankind are not educated and thinking people, and that they require a certain lively and buoyant species of recreation, which is not needed by men of constant intellectual study. What is a sufficient pleasure to the clergyman, the barrister, the physician, the literary man, is no pleasure at all to the banker's clerk, the linen-draper, the milliner's apprentice, and the factory child. We might as reasonably call upon all the people of England to write philosophical or mathematical essays as expect them to find delight and refreshment in mental occupation throughout the whole of the Lord's day.

Taking man, then, as he is, and acting on what we conceive to be the genuine spirit of the Gospel, we cannot but believe that a universal recognition of the lawfulness of innocent Sunday sports would tend most powerfully to the spiritual improvement of this country. At present an English Sunday is a day of gloom. It wears the aspect of a season of penitential mortification. It is the only time when the nation puts on a semblance of fasting and self-denial. It is associated in the minds of both young and old with thoughts of painful effort, of religious exercises carried to an immoderate length, of unnatural restraint upon the joyous feelings of the Christian heart. And more than all, it literally leads multitudes into that which is in their case absolute

sin. It teaches them to esteem it *their* duty to do that which is utterly impossible, and which, therefore, they never succeed in accomplishing; so that they pass their lives oppressed with an undefined sense of guilt, arising from a consciousness that they are habitually breaking that which they imagine to be a Divine command. Hence follows all the anguish of scrupulosity, and the destruction of genuine tenderness of conscience. Hence result those disgraceful shifts and deceits which are resorted to by those who kick inwardly against the prevailing tyranny, yet dare not openly avow their convictions. Hence the tricks played upon parents and superiors by their children and dependents, and that secret indulgence in forbidden pleasures to which the young and excitable are driven through want of some open, honest, and Christian recreations on the Lord's day. Hence, also, that deficient sense of the unutterable happiness and joy of a devout life which is to be seen even among persons of good religious principles, but who are not fully impressed with the nature of true Christian liberty.

But it is said that all this may be true, yet that it is most unwise to propound the truth in its naked, startling reality, before the eyes of a people so wedded to Sabbatarian prejudice as the English of the present day, and that nothing but scandal can be the result. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that we believe the fact to be precisely the reverse. England groans under the tyranny of Puritanism. There are tens of thousands who *submit* to the rigorism of the day without a particle of *conviction* that the notions to which they yield are authorised by the Divine command. Their common sense and religious instincts rebel against the unblushing inconsistencies which they see in the loudest advocates of Sabbatarian severity; at the same time that they yearn for such an enlightened and Christian view of the whole question, as shall set their own consciences free from what they feel to be a worse than Jewish bondage. Hitherto they have shrunk with dread from all that they have heard in ridicule or condemnation of the puritanical theory, because they believed it to emanate from anti-Christian sources, from men who either deny the Divine obligation of the Lord's day, or who dislike all religious strictness whatsoever. But yet they *do* perceive that they are in captivity to a delusion, though they cannot discern its peculiar fallacies. They long for freedom, if it could be attained without the violation of the rights of earnest religion. And therefore we are confident that, so far from giving needless scandal, by upholding the lawfulness of Sunday amusements, we are vindicating the privileges of the Christian, and helping to set free many a perplexed and agitated soul from the captivity in which it has long been mourning. Thousands will hail the tidings with joy in their secret hearts, even though at first they may not clearly see their way to assent to the sentiments we have upheld, or may be deterred through fear of others from expressing the assent they inwardly gave.

What is a *scandal*, indeed? We all use the word freely and constantly; but may it not be asked, whether we do not sometimes confuse it with another which is wholly distinct? A scandal is that which puts such a stumbling-block before our brother as to lead him to commit sin. It is not that which merely irritates him, or induces him to attack us as ungodly or unholy. Now, is it probable that any real scandal can be caused by our advocacy of Sunday recreations? Will any man be led into sin thereby? Doubtless many and many a person may scout the notion as detestable, and denounce the author of any such abomination. But such persons, on their

own principles, are only doing what is right in thus holding up to execration what they imagine to be essentially mischievous and anti-Christian: they are not tempted into what they believe to be sin. And if any others, who have hitherto groaned in bondage to a system of which in their consciences they do not approve, are led to a more joyous and happy mode of refreshing themselves when the devotions of Sunday are finished, surely there is no sin here. They are but doing what both we and they believe to be pleasing in the sight of God. Religion becomes at once more charming and perfect in their eyes, and they yield themselves to her influence with a more unreserved allegiance, under the conviction that they are serving a God of mercy and compassion, and not of mere rigorous severity. They will give themselves with a wonderful increase of fervour and diligence to the religious duties of the day, in the consciousness that when they have done all which their intellectual and spiritual abilities will allow, they may refresh themselves with amusements in which they find a real enjoyment, in place of that chilling stagnation of body and mind which they have been taught to esteem an acceptable service to Almighty God.

We have little doubt that another quarter of a century will see a surprising change in this country in the mode of spending the concluding portions of the Lord's day, accompanied with a proportionate increase of religious zeal in the devotions of the earlier hours. Puritanism has had its run. It has culminated, and become corrupted to the core by the spirit of worldliness. Men are coming to see that Sabbatarianism is in many cases a mere form of Pharisaism. Dismal Sunday evenings will be what the phylacteries were with the Jews of old, tokens of the absence of true spiritual devotion. Multitudes who at present yield to the popular cry, will gradually emancipate themselves, though now they shrink with dread from anything so "ultra and unwise" as they esteem the views we advocate. It is within the memory of very many of us, that similar apprehensions were generally entertained in this country with respect to the cultivation of music. We remember well the time when prudent fathers and mothers recoiled from the thought of making their children musical, through a fear of making them vicious. The Puritanism of modern days had so nearly extinguished the old English love for the divine art, that it had fallen into the hands of the profligate and the irreligious; and it was believed that there was almost a necessary connexion between singing and sensuality. Now the folly is exploded. People begin to see that there is no more efficacious preservative against gross pleasures, than a moderate devotion to the science of sweet sounds; and a wiseacre who should denounce the Hullah system, on the grounds of its propagating immorality, would be deemed a fit inmate for Bedlam.

Another five and twenty years will see a similar revolution in the ideas of the religiously disposed portion of the community with respect to Sunday amusements. They will learn to see that while *work* is forbidden, *play* is not forbidden. They will remember *who* they were who were "scandalised" by our Blessed Lord's miracles on the Sabbath, and will suspect that very many of those who now so loudly condemn all Sunday recreations are the descendants of the men who were affronted at the words of divine mercy, "Take-up thy-bed, and walk." The eyes of the nation are opening to what is religious, and what is not. The claim of the poor man for Sunday pleasures will not long be uttered in the Houses of Parliament only or chiefly by those who are

professedly men of this world. The *true* saints will take it up, and demand for us all a right to amuse ourselves on Sunday evenings, on the very ground that we shall thus be enabled to devote the chief portion of the sacred day to religious exercises, with a more ardent fervour and a more attentive mind. All we ask is permission to use our Christian liberty without being condemned as godless and profane. We force nothing upon others. We only vindicate the right of the poor, and of the average standard of Christians. Let every man follow his own conscience and his own inclinations, in the degree in which he avails himself of the freedom that is given him. Wheresoever the grace of God has so gloriously renewed the Divine image in the soul, as we know to be the case in many instances, there indeed will often be little need of more secular recreations. They who can live from year to year rejoicing in perpetual prayer and meditation, will perhaps call for little of that indulgence of which the world in general stands in need. Happy are they, and to be imitated, so far as we have power to imitate them. But for the rest, we do not hesitate to assert our conviction, that their spiritual advancement would be infinitely more efficaciously aided by a moderate use of those sports and games which are now generally proscribed on Sunday, than by all the iron severity with which a mistaken austerity has so long sought in vain to make England a religious country.

STATE OF POPULAR FEELING IN ROME.

[From a Correspondent.]

Rome, March 28, 1848.

WHEN I wrote jokingly in my last, of other revolutions, and the abdication of another king or two, I had but little idea that the *reports* or the *events* (whichever they may prove to be) of the next few days would give a meaning and a point to my words. Nevertheless, I had scarcely despatched my letter about the Jesuits, when I heard, on what I considered very good authority, of the bankruptcy of the Austrian Government. Nothing occurred either on Sunday or Monday to confirm this report; and public rumour was rather busied upon its old topic, the Jesuits. It was said that a few officers of the Civic Guard had declared to the Pope that such was the deeply rooted prejudice against this body, that they could not depend upon their men using arms in its defence against any assault of the people, and that they had resigned their commissions in consequence. It was further reported that a deputation of the Ministry had waited upon His Holiness, professing that they could not be answerable for the preservation of public peace unless he would order the Jesuits to withdraw. These remonstrances furnish a most apposite commentary upon a pithy saying of the General of the Society, which has gone the round of Roman table-talk—"Non ho paura che della paura." "I fear nothing but fear:"—and certainly there does seem to be great want of combination or of spirit amongst their friends, for although they are much beloved by many, few venture to put themselves forward in their defence.

It was generally understood that an answer to the deputation of the Ministry had been promised for Tuesday, which was looked for accordingly with great anxiety by all parties; however, that day brought with it its own excitement of a still more stirring character. The Corso, which, at half-past ten that morning, looked as quiet as usual, within an hour became the scene of the utmost bustle and gaiety; the balconies were decorated with their brightest hangings, and filled with anxious spectators and inquirers after the news, for many hardly knew why their own houses had been thus suddenly arrayed in holiday attire—they had done it because they saw their neighbours do it, and because the people shouted to them to do the same; flags of every colour, but chiefly the Italian, of color, were suspended from every window, and floated over every roof, and the whole population appeared to be quite intoxicated by some exciting intelligence, which



was still a secret to many. Very soon, however, the news flew from mouth to mouth that there had been a revolution in Vienna, and that Lombardy was free, that Metternich had fled, that the Emperor was imprisoned in his own palace, that a Republic had been proclaimed, and I know not what besides. One particular, however, ought not to be omitted, because it put the Romans in an exceeding good temper with themselves, viz. that the Emperor had been indebted to the Italian troops for his own personal safety. Groups of persons might be seen gathered round some favoured individual, who had received a private letter, or who had a copy of the *Gazzetta di Bologna*, or who, for any other reason, was supposed to be in possession of more authentic information than had fallen to the lot of the majority. By degrees the tide set steadily towards the Capitol, where the tricolor must be hoisted in token of the triumph of the popular cause and the downfall of despotism; then on the tower on Monte Citorio, and other public places: the bells, too, of all the churches were made to add their inharmonious ding-dong, and the firing of mortars, guns, and pistols, in every conceivable direction, completed the general hubbub.

If the demonstrations of public delight had ended in such harmless amusements as these, it would have been *manco male*, as the Italians say. Presently, however, it was suggested that they should go to the Austrian Ambassador's and tear down the imperial arms from his house; the hint was immediately acted upon; thousands upon thousands poured into the Piazza Venezia, and every spot that commanded a view of the palace was densely crowded. This was about one o'clock. They first sent in a message, requesting the ambassador himself to cause the arms to be removed, which he of course declined, saying that his despatches contained no intelligence that would warrant such a procedure; that what the people had heard might be true, but it might also be false; he had no power to prevent them from removing the arms with violence, but if they did so, it would be at their own peril. The mob, however, had proceeded too far to retreat; so, at least, their leaders seemed to feel; it would be a sad discomfiture (perhaps, too, a task beyond their strength) to withdraw the people from an object to which they had but just been cheering them on, and which a vast crowd were now assembled to witness. Nothing daunted, therefore, by the prudent warning of the ambassador, they proceeded to the execution of their purpose; ladder after ladder was applied to the walls, but none proved to be of sufficient height; I think I saw them try at least half-a-dozen before they could even reach the window which stood nearest to the object of their ambition; the man who first accomplished this, and stood on the deep stone ledge before the window, was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. From this place he contrived, with some difficulty, to scramble up behind the escutcheon, and he soon began to belabour it with all his strength, both with hatchet and hammer: still they seemed to be as far as ever from the fulfilment of their desires; after a full quarter of an hour's labour he had only succeeded in dislodging one or two of the blocks by which it was strengthened, and an occasional splinter from the escutcheon itself. The thought involuntarily suggested itself, whether the stubborn resistance of this mere wooden escutcheon might not be an apt representation of the power of the empire of which it was the inanimate symbol, and whether the Italians might not be somewhat premature in their triumph over the supposed ruin of Austria. One of the attachés to the embassy occasionally opened his window for a peep at the work of destruction which was going on over his head, and seemed to smile at their impotent attempts; he was received, however, with such hissings and groanings as obliged him to take but a hasty reconnoitre of their proceedings, and he did not repeat the experiment above two or three times. At length a new ladder was brought, higher than any of its predecessors; and by the help of this, two fellows, who seemed to be masons or carpenters, succeeded, after a very long time, in detaching the chains by which it was held from the staples fastened into the wall; and then all three, having first secured themselves by ropes attached to these staples, gave one desperate push, and the heavy mass of wood fell to the ground with a tremendous crash.

The scene of confusion and uproar at this moment baffles description; there was a general struggle amongst the people which should be the first to trample upon this fallen ensign of an empire which had so long oppressed their brethren, and two or three of the Civic Guard were among the foremost in their zeal to tread it under foot; then came a scramble to gain some fragments of it, with which to decorate their hats or button-holes; then a riotous procession, dragging the principal portion of it up the Corso, where, about half-past two, I left as villainous-looking a set of men as I have ever seen in Rome jumping and dancing upon it under the windows of the Doria Palace. They afterwards drew it in the same way through the greater part of the city, and finally it was publicly burned in the Piazza del Popolo, and the chains thrown into the Tiber. They made a similar destruction of all the monuments of the same kind attached to different palaces in Rome, and even that which was attached to the German Church, Sta Maria dell' Anima. Meanwhile they hoisted in its place, at the house of the ambassador, a beautiful flag of white silk, with "Alta Italia" in letters of gold, and with tricolor and Papal streamers, and erased the name of the Piazza, Piazza Venezia, substituting for it, on a sheet of paper, "Palazzo della Dieta Italiana."

In the afternoon, a number of persons went to the Quirinal, hoping to get a public benediction from the Pope; but in this they were of course disappointed; it was even observed that His Holiness seemed less cordial than usual in giving the blessing from his carriage, as he passed through the crowd, on returning from his daily drive.

The same afternoon, a mixed multitude of people, civic guardsmen, police, regular troops, and some ten or twelve ecclesiastics, went to the Ara Coeli, and sung a Te Deum in thanksgiving; after which they placed a tricolored flag in the hands of the statue of Marcus Aurelius, in the area before the Capitol, and proceeded with shouting, banners, and music, along the Via Sacra to the Coliseum, where some Abbate (a Barnabite, I am told—a certain Padre Gavassi) made them a political harangue, and some poet improvised on the same theme. They then returned to the Corso to join in the entertainment of the "mocciosi," which having been omitted by the will of the people on Shrove Tuesday, in sympathy with the sufferings of the Italians in Lombardy, was now, by the will of the same sovereign people, celebrated in commemoration of their deliverance; not exactly, however, in its usual form, for there was no attempt to extinguish one another's lights; but this only rendered the general effect more brilliant, so many thousands of lighted tapers in perpetual motion being added to the stationary illuminations along the whole length of the Corso. As the whole display had been got up without the permission, either sought or obtained, of the Government, there was of course no authoritative signal for the putting out of the lights; but at the end of a couple of hours a few persons walked down the street, merely saying "*Abbasso i mocciosi*," and in two minutes the whole blaze was extinguished, as quietly as on the ordinary occasion of the Carnival. Crowds continued to frequent the streets till midnight, listening occasionally to political harangues, or "fresh news from Lombardy," proclaimed from the windows of the popular caffès, or more commonly engaged in animated conversation among themselves, or in choral singing for the benefit of others; and some of these choruses, I am told, contained abusive allusions to Metternich and the late revered Pontiff Gregory XVI., pointed with the usual share of Italian wit.

But all this while, you will ask, what was become of the Jesuits, and of the outcry against them? They had been obliged to ring the bells of their church, like their neighbours; somebody had even planted, or obliged them to plant, the tricolor on the roof; they closed their doors at rather an early hour in the afternoon, and some mischievous wit posted on them the announcement "*Est locanda*," or "to be let," which a Polish Benedictine, who happened to pass by, tore down. This caused a little tumult among the mob, and a general gathering about the house; so much so, that I began to fear some immediate outbreak was inevitable; they were soon dispersed, however, and the night passed

off quietly enough, as far as the Jesuits were concerned.

Not so in their immediate neighbourhood—at the house of the Austrian ambassador. Soon after midnight, the Governor of Rome sent an order to the firemen, and to some of the regular troops, to remove the "Alta Italia" flag without loss of time; it could scarcely have been attempted at an earlier hour, in consequence of the excited state of the people; and even now they chanced to hear of the order, and assembled to the number of 4000, to hinder its execution; and it was nearly daybreak before, by the influence of Prince Doria and others, they were prevailed upon to give way and allow a free access to the walls. But the absence of the flag was the least of the changes that passed over the spirit of Rome on the morrow of that bustling day. Everywhere throughout the city there was an appearance of doubt and sadness; people began to question whether the news of the previous day was really authentic, and very wisely to conclude that, if it was not, they should assuredly be called to a pretty severe account for the insult they had offered to Austria; even in the political clubs, confessions of rashness and folly were more than whispered. The French themselves, they said, had been the parties who removed the royal arms from the house of their ambassador, and with his own consent; but this was the act of Italians against the dignity of a foreign ambassador, and *against* his express remonstrance, &c. &c. An attempt was made by the Radical journals to throw the blame upon the Piedmontese, who, it was said, had been the real offenders. Altogether, the Romans were in a *gran pentimento*, and in no small alarm. Some still gave full credit to the Austrian intelligence, and gloried in the downfall of a government which had so long tyrannised over the Church, and which had now been ruined by a movement which had received its principal impetus from the Head of the Church himself: they even re-arranged the divisions of Italy, reducing Austria to a Duchy, which was to be held by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose present dominions were to be added to the States of the Church; and Lombardy was to be united to Sardinia. Others again believed the main features of the news, but dreaded the consequences, foreboded universal anarchy, and said that we should now experience the truth of Crétineau-Joly's observation, "Woe to the Church when she is ruled by a Pontiff whose heart is too great for his head!" Others, on the contrary, considered the whole story so improbable, that it must have been invented for political purposes, either by Austrian agents or by ultra-liberals; and these feared or hoped for (according to their respective politics) the immediate presence of an Austrian army in Rome.

On Thursday fresh news arrived that Lombardy was in a state of open rebellion, and that the King of Sardinia was helping them. This once more raised the drooping spirits of the people; and a new impetus was given to their enthusiasm by a tumultuous meeting which they held in the Piazza del Popolo, where they agreed to petition Government for an immediate increase of the army; and if Government demurred at the expense of such an undertaking, to wrest from the Roman princes funds sufficient for the purpose. It was thought prudent to grant their demand; and Prince Aldobrandini, the Minister of War, appointed a meeting for the same afternoon, on the site of the ancient Forum, that all who chose might be enrolled. When once there, the tide of people, as on Tuesday, flowed on to the Coliseum, and within its majestic walls were harangued by Ciceruacchio, who pledged his own son as a volunteer; by Gavazzi, who talked of the privilege of sacrificing one's self for one's country; by the poet Masi, and others. The space outside the building was thronged with gaily dressed ladies, chiefly Italians, and numberless foot-passengers, who seemed as much carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment as the volunteers themselves.

The enrolment continued even through the night, and frequent proclamations were issued from the War-Office, giving directions about the details of the matter. The popular idea seemed to be, that these new recruits were destined to march at once into Lombardy, to assist in the ejection of the Austrians; and it was amusing to watch the busy fingers tracing the route to

Milan, to Verona, or to Venice, on the several maps of Italy suspended on the doors of the booksellers' shops. This notion gained considerable countenance from an address placarded in all the streets, with the signatures of Princes Corsini, Borghese, Doria, Torlonia, and others, inviting the religious bodies, and all Roman citizens generally, to make liberal donations for the outfit of those who were thus generously undertaking the toils and perils of war for their country's sake, and to liberate "the common mother from the stranger." I need hardly add, however, that there has been no authorised proclamation on the part of the Government to this effect; and it is impossible that they should really mean to engage in so unequal a warfare. Nevertheless, if the latest news be correct, the Papal Government is already compromised in no slight degree by the conduct of the troops of Bologna, who are said to have taken possession of the Duchy of Modena. The newspapers further say, that the King of Sardinia declares that he interferes in behalf of the Lombards "in the name of humanity, and as the sword of Pius IX." Probably, however, you already know more than I can tell you of what is really being said and done in North Italy; for here we live on rumour, extracts from private letters, hearsay reports of travellers, &c., which are printed and eagerly purchased all day long. From France and England the mails have not arrived for the last ten days.

In the midst of all these startling and alarming events, it is impossible not to be amused at the quick wit and child-like playfulness of the people. After the violent taking down of the Austrian arms on Tuesday, they amused themselves with picking a stone out of the wall, which bore some inscription having reference to the dignity of Austria. This stone they carefully removed to the Caffè delle belle Arti, and there set it up with lighted candles, announcing that it was the "funeral of the empire." One evening in the height of the bustle, as the crowd went shouting down the street, there was a sudden silence just as they passed near the Austrian ambassador's palace. "Hush—hush!" some wag had whispered, "he is dying." The day after the *moccoli*, too, some one remarked, "We had the *moccolotti* last night, and to-day must be the first day of Lent; where are the ashes?" "There they are," was the ready answer; and the speaker pointed to the half-burnt fragments of the Austrian escutcheon.

Meanwhile, in spite of the troublous times, our Holy Father shews his children a cheerful countenance; and while dangers seem gathering on every side, he both wields himself, and bids us wield, those spiritual weapons in which alone he puts his trust. He ordered a Triduo in the parish churches, basilicas, and churches dedicated to our Blessed Lady, for the three days preceding the Feast of the Annunciation, at which all the faithful were exhorted to assist, "to pray for the needs of the Church and of the State, and for their solid and lasting tranquillity." He went himself to take part in it in public on the last day, at St. Peter's; and it is impossible to conceive a more touching sight than the kneeling Pontiff in the midst of his loving people, rich and poor, joining with them in the recitation of the rosary, and the singing of their simple litanies, and then bowing his head with them to receive the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. He ordered besides a private Triduo, for the same intention, at St. Mary Major's last week, and besought especially the prayers of nuns, as being peculiarly appropriate and acceptable before this great festival of the Blessed Virgin. May all these prayers be answered, and the evils which seem now to threaten us be by God's mercy averted!

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GÖRRES.

[Continued from p. 277.]

THE very last essay which Görres published was an article treating of Italian and Swiss affairs in the January number of this year's *Historisch-politische Blätter*. We have now given a rapid account of our author's principal productions. It now remains for us to cite a few passages from his works, in order to enable the reader to form a judgment on him as a writer and as a philosopher.

At a moment when society in Europe has just received so fearful a shock, it will be well to hear how this great publicist characterised the political organisation of the middle age. After observing how the Church had reconciled in herself all contrarieties, the author makes the following remarks:

"The political order of things which was built on the foundation of the Church, although it never reached its model, yet solved the arduous problem in such a way that, with all its imperfections, it leaves far behind all the attempts which later ages have essayed. Here freedom and restraint, dominion and obedience, privileges and services, in the political department; and, on the other hand, rights and duties, self-independence and legal obligation, free will and subjection, in the juridical department; the claims of the whole community as well as those of the individual, public and private property;—all these things were so happily blended in this political order, that there was scope for the freest action, and all things moved within their appointed sphere without mutual impediment or collision. And thus, society balanced in a just harmony between a heartfelt attachment to old manners and customs, and a bold spirit of progressive energy, could march in its historical course with well-regulated speed."—*Athanasius*, p. 12.

In the following, the reader may catch a glimpse of Görres' high historical philosophy:

"When, in consequence of the struggles between the Popes and the Emperors, and after the last Hohenstauffen, the bond which united the priesthood with the secular power was broken, that rupture, whereby so much that had been previously conjoined was dissevered, separated the *Romanic South* from the *Germanic North*. Prior to that event, the institution of the advocacy of the Church, accorded to the German Emperors, had held together all those elements of union which, in the great migration, had been formed by the commingling of blood between the northern and the southern nations. A common religion rendered that union still more intimate; one God, one faith, one law, one ecclesiastical code, were common to the nations of either stock; which, though politically divided, were still united in public law by the feudal relations, and which, though separated by diversity of tongues, had still the common tie of the Latin language. In this fellowship, these races had mutually exchanged their several gifts, and happily supplied out of their respective abundance each other's wants. It was in this exchange, equally salutary for both parties, that energetic, stirring life was developed, which distinguished the middle ages, and exalted them so far above antiquity. When, therefore, by the rupture adverted to, this intercourse was broken off, the two parties felt alike the injurious effects of separation. The Germanic North, as it lost the stay, the moderating guidance of the Romanic South, must, in its ungoverned energy, and with other co-operating influences, sink by degrees into a state of irremediable anarchy; while, on the other hand, the Romanic South, bereaved of the stirring influences of the North, gradually tended towards a state of general intellectual impotence. These influences the Church could as little escape as the State; for in all, their members both are composed of frail, fallible mortals; and as in both the harmony of contrarieties had been destroyed, both alike experienced a corresponding distraction. When, therefore, the Popes of the fifteenth century no longer formed of their mission the same glorious conception as their predecessors, but understood it in a more narrow, confined, illiberal spirit; the German Reformation rose up against them, which, in its turn, plunged into the opposite extreme of lawless anarchy. And as the heads of the State, carried away by these Revolutions, strove from the sixteenth and in the whole course of the seventeenth century, after the theory of a dead, all-petrifying absolutism; they provoked that series of political Revolutions, which first sprang up in England, and then, in the eighteenth and at the commencement of the present century, spread over the whole continent. In both aberrations—that of the earlier absolutism, as well as in that of the later democracy—Church and State aided each other in their efforts; and as the Church, more and more secularised and contracted in its spirit, found a support and lent one in return to the State, that was itself sinking more and more into a dead absolute abstraction; so in the Protestant Reformation, the Church more and more lapsing into anarchy, and the revolutionary State resolving by degrees into its primitive atoms, afforded each other the like assistance. The two movements—the religious and the political anarchy—having long kept pace with each other, have in our days reached their extreme term. They have attained the farthest verge of all cultivated land, beyond which lies only the wilderness with its quicksands, its illusive mirage, and its ravenous, howling, hunger-famished beasts of prey."—*Athanasius*, pp. 136-7.

In the following passage the author profoundly assigns the probable reasons which induced our Divine

Lord to fix in the city of Rome the supremacy of his Church:

"The Apostolic See," says the Protestant adversary, Professor Leo, "has remained unchanged in the practical, political, and we may say, preeminently juridical spirit, which, since the time of Tertullian, and since its wide scientific separation (partly determined by ignorance of language) from the active speculative Greece, has characterised the Western theology. This theology has been from the beginning only a Christian transformation of the old Roman spirit. The analogy between the form of the matter in the *Catechismus Romanus*, and that imparted to the substance of Justinian's Pandects, is undeniable; and such is the shape given to the Papal edicts throughout the whole middle age." In this opinion, as in all the assertions of the opposite party, a great truth is corrupted and distorted by error. Doubtless, in the Roman See, the *practical tendency* is predominant; and its spirit is in this respect a Christian transformation of the old Roman mind. The ground of this preponderance is in no wise determined by the choice or good pleasure of that Church, but hath been ordained by a higher Providence; for in Christianity the practical is the matter of the greatest moment; and speculation, inasmuch as it hath its roots in human reason, is merely subsidiary to practice. Hence that higher Providence did not select Greece, or even its Athens, for the centre of the Church, but Rome, trained for ages to practical life. Here the inherent qualities of the national race, concurring with the historical development of ages, produced a practical instinct, such as we find among no other people. Now to this earthly instinct a high consecration was imparted by the Paraclete; and after that instinct had thus received a Christian renovation, the guidance of the Church was intrusted to it. The speculative Greeks had their allotted period in ecclesiastical history, until the doctrinal system of the Church had in all its grand outlines been worked out and developed. Then came the turn of that Christianised instinct of Rome to fill the place of those who had been dismissed, and to continue the history of the Church. But to account for this function of the Roman See by an ignorance of language, of which, in the many Synods held during the early ages by Greeks and Latins in common, not a trace is to be found, is truly laughable. In this divine spirit hath the Roman Church worked through ages: she hath never rejected philosophical reasoning and speculation in questions of theology; on the contrary, she hath invited them, when they were in their proper place; but she hath never looked upon them as the things of highest moment. But that *intellectual instinct guided by the Divine Spirit* hath ever been her distinguishing characteristic; it is the same which was at work in the otherwise ignorant Apostles; it is this which hath enabled her to rise superior to the philosophy of every age, and on all occasions to pronounce a true judgment."—*Triarii*, pp. 93, 4.

Upon bad priests, we find in the *Athanasius* the following remarkable passage:

"Such priests there were, who, at the time of the Reformation, delivered up a portion of the Church to the secular power; and their children's children are now reaping the bitter fruits. The same work, which they then commenced, have their followers in our days continued. And this is so in the order of things. For as the *eleven* Apostles have an immortal posterity, the *twelfth*, who was a thief, and who carried the purse, cannot fail to have his descendants; he continues to live in them from age to age. But on these traitors also a doom hath been passed—*Haceldama*, the field of blood, is their domain; there hath a house been built for them. Winter and summer, seed-time and harvest, pass incessantly over this field; and the reward of sin there springs up anew in a thick crop, which those priests are destined slowly to consume."—*Athanasius*, p. 116.

On the important consequences that would result to religion from the captivity of the Archbishop of Cologne, and on the new and glorious destinies that awaited the Catholic Church, we find in the *Athanasius* the following remarkable passage. The ten years that have elapsed since that prediction was uttered, have tended to confirm the clear-sightedness of the illustrious author.

"In modern times," says he, "other like and apparently more important events, as, for instance, the imprisonment of two Popes, one after another, have occurred. They, too, were followed by great movements, and they have not passed away in the Church without fruit. But the times were not yet ripe; and it is because the moment of fulfilment hath arrived, those greater events are surpassed in importance of consequences by the lesser one—the captivity of the Archbishop of Cologne. For the midnight hour hath now struck, and another day hath dawned; we are the beholders, and the words we have heard are the cry of the watchman on the watch-tower, who announces to us the rise of a new morn. Not that of a sudden, while

the old becomes new, and the new becomes obsolete, the world will immediately assume a new, wild, fantastic shape; for who could be so simple as to indulge in such silly notions? No, we have only heard the first stirring of a new order of things, while the old is still strong, and flourishes in energetic life. But this order has now reached its culminant point, while the other but slowly and gradually tends thereto. For great struggles will be protracted through many generations, till the younger shall be established in its triumphant sway. The ensuing years will be the twelve nights of ages, wherein, according to the old popular belief, the weather about the beginning of the year decides and prognosticates that of the succeeding twelve months. The nations, therefore, will do well to observe the signs that are presented to their view. For the one which best interprets those signs, and acts up to what they indicate, will stamp its whole impress on the whole century.

"But what is perfectly clear, and needs no observation of the heavens, is this: that the Church hath recently emancipated herself in the estimation of nations, and will still further emancipate herself; and that no power on earth is henceforth capable of retaining her in those unworthy shackles which had been imposed upon her. The charm is broken—the ban is dissolved, and the false magicians have become the object of universal indignation. It is no longer possible to carry on the old oppression, as had been done for many years. This the princes of nations should take well to heart, and deeply revolve in their minds; in order that in time they may with wise circumspection change their course, and not by undue resistance bring down great calamities upon themselves and those intrusted to their keeping. * * *

"The same despair, wherein Christianity found nations amid the decline and gradual breaking up of the ancient Heathenism—that same despair hath the renovated Paganism produced in our times in the minds of many. And it is the yearning after a better and more permanent order of things, which every where is springing up in the souls of men, that enables the Church to strike fresh and more vigorous roots. As now, the secular power in the time of the Romans sometimes sought by violent persecutions to stem the advancing power of the Church, sometimes accorded to her intervals of ease and quiet; while in either case, whether by the blood of her martyrs or by the freedom which she had obtained, the Church still continued to multiply her talent; so will it be in the days that are to come. The State now can stretch out to the Church an assisting hand, and, as it thus promotes higher objects, it will, in so far as it hath a good purpose in view, draw down a blessing upon itself; or it may extend against her the sword of persecution: the Church is prepared to accept either alternative. If repose and freedom be insured to the Church, she will thankfully accept the gift, and in silent progress renew her strength. But if struggle and disquiet should be her lot, she will not shrink from the trial that will become the medium of necessary purification, and therefore conduce to her more rapid consolidation. For by a great sacrifice was she founded; by sufferance and sacrifices hath she been upheld; and as she will never be wanting in those capable of such self-devotion, she is therefore invincible for all future ages. See now, of what incalculable profit it hath been to her, that one individual should have had the courage to offer himself up as a victim for her."—*Athanasius*, pp. 143-6.

[To be continued.]

Journal of the Week.

March 31.

THE Speaker being unwell, the House of Commons adjourned last night after a short conversation. In the House of Lords, Lord Ellenborough brought forward a motion respecting the increase in the expense of certain public offices during the past year. Lord Lansdowne explained in some points, and Lord Clanricarde shewed that in the Post-office the increased circulation of letters had compelled considerable additions to the previous staff.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury has perpetrated a disgraceful piece of nepotism in dismissing Mr. Maitland, one of the most learned of the Anglican clergy, from the office of librarian at Lambeth, and appointing one of his own sons-in-law in his place.

The French mob in the provinces appears to have commenced incursions after the old barbaric fashion of fifteen centuries ago. It is said that on the 24th inst. a large mob of French workmen and soldiers crossed the frontiers of Baden, that they were committing the grossest acts of robbery and outrage, and that they had burnt the town of Offenburg. This mob, 20,000 in number, are reported to have passed the defiles of the Black Forest, and to have continued their march into

the interior of Germany. The professors and students of the University of Tübingen were busily occupied in forming themselves into a regiment, for the rescue of their German brethren. The magistrates of Ulm had issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to arm; and a great crowd of them, armed with weapons of all kinds, hastened to the place of rendezvous, where they were divided into four battalions. The cavalry stationed at Ulm received marching orders in the course of the night; the departure of a regiment of foot in garrison at Ulm followed close upon that of the cavalry; and the only regiment which remained in the town was consigned to the barracks, and prepared to march at a minute's notice. If this be all true, the French Government may be involved in war before it is quite agreeable to their own wishes.

The diminution of the salaries of all public functionaries in Paris has commenced. Universal distress prevails; all negotiable securities are depreciated; commercial movement is stopped; operatives are in want of employment; and, in short, everybody is suffering from the reduction of his capital or income.

Letters from St. Petersburg of the 10th inst. announce that that city was in a state of ferment. A pistol-shot was fired at the Emperor while passing through the streets, the ball of which perforated his hat. The *Abeille du Nord* of St. Petersburg, said to be the organ of the Emperor, has spoken the Czar's sentiments on the French Revolution in a characteristic letter, of which the following is worth extracting as a specimen: "The first act of the Provisional Government was the proclamation of the Republic. By what right? By what right dared they interfere with the sacred crown of the Count of Paris? Forgetting, I repeat, its origin—the puddle of Paris—it despatches proclamations into every corner promising order and tranquillity. But who will answer for its promises? The first howler of the corner who can assemble a band of men dressed in blouses and armed with sticks has a right to expel the members of the Government, and place themselves in its place. It must be confessed that the French have arrived at that point, that the first who takes a stick in his hand is their master. Such are the fine fruits of their revolutions. It is true that the French Republic has preserved the Gallic cock, the true emblem of those noisy and boasting railleurs. They assert that there will be no war. We shall see that. At all events, it is not with his lyre that M. Lamartine can repel foreign bayonets. It lavishes the vilest flattery on the mob of Paris; it promises them a million of francs. The people will at least have as much money as will afford them means to get drunk! In a word—effrontery, folly, quackery, such are the distinct characteristics of this government of buffoons, which is not ashamed to invite the world to follow the example of Paris. It is a real pasquinade. And where is all this passing? In a country which boasts of being the most civilised in the world, and in the nineteenth century!"

It is reported, apparently without foundation, that Warsaw is in revolt and has been bombarded.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has followed the example of the King of Sardinia, and marched his troops to the frontiers of Lombardy, issuing a proclamation, of which the first words are: "Tuscans! the hour for the complete resurrection of Italy has suddenly struck. Whoever loves his country cannot deny it the assistance it demands." The inhabitants of Modena are said to have demanded incorporation with the Papal States.

From New York accounts have arrived, stating that the Senate has confirmed the Mexican treaty by a large majority.

April 1.

An interesting conversation took place last night in the House of Lords. Lord Lansdowne, in reply to Lord Beaumont, expressed extreme satisfaction at the successful working of the Irish Arms Act, passed in the last short session of Parliament, and at the exertions which had been made by all classes in Ireland, jurors and witnesses, but especially the Roman Catholic clergy, to preserve peace and order, and to prevent or suppress disturbance. He said that 160,000 signatures had in a very short time been appended to an address declaring the confidence of men of all parties, and of all religious opinions, in the Government, and their determination to support it; while in the manu-

facturing districts of England the same good feeling in the Catholic clergy had been equally apparent.

Lord Stanley said that he rejoiced, with every other member of the House, at so gratifying an indication of an altered spirit. His Lordship, however, took care not to admit that he had been mistaken himself; but pretended that the change was in the Irish clergy!

Lord Monteagle joined Lord Lansdowne in eulogising the conduct of the Irish clergy, and the administration of justice at the late assizes. He attributed the improved feeling of the country not so much to the legislation of last year as to the course taken by Lord Clarendon.

In the Commons, Mr. Hume moved for a reduction in the army, on which a discussion ensued, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and Sir W. Molesworth supporting the motion. It was negatived by 293 to 39. There was little novelty in the debate itself.

The revolutionary episode in the Belgian territory is happily played out. The band which calls itself the Belgian Legion entered Belgium on the 29th ult. The advanced guard of General Fleury-Duray opposed them. It was composed of 200 infantry of the line, two pieces of cannon, and 25 artillerymen, and a regiment of mounted chasseurs. As soon as the legion, 2000 strong, observed this small corps, it pressed forward, colours flying and drums beating a charge. For a few moments their fire was brisk and well maintained; but General Fleury-Duray having brought his two pieces of cannon into play, the marauders immediately slackened fire, and fled in all directions, throwing down their arms. Several prisoners were taken, and among them their leader, a Parisian. The invading legion has lost many men; it is said 400 killed and wounded. A band which had penetrated to the right of General Fleury-Duray was dispersed, and fled in disorder across the French frontier.

The excitement among the Poles increases rapidly and violently. They are moving in crowds from Prussia towards Russian Poland. A Polish Legion, which formed part of the Civic Guard, have left Berlin for Posen, on their way to the Russian provinces, where the old system of knouting and incarceration is now carried to a frightful length. The Poles wish Prussia to give up the Grand Duchy of Posen to the kingdom of Poland, which they are anxious to restore, promising in return to assist the Prussians in retaking the German countries on the Baltic, now under Russian government, and incorporating them with Prussia.

Sweden has had its *émeute*. Disturbances broke out at Stockholm on the 18th ult. They were the consequence of a great reform banquet, which was numerously attended by all classes of the inhabitants. The military were obliged to interfere, and several persons are said to have been killed. On the 20th and 21st, order was completely restored; the King and the Princes had ridden through the streets of the capital, and been every where received with the greatest enthusiasm. Several deputations afterwards waited on the King to express their sorrow at what had occurred. The Swedish papers attribute these excesses to no political cause. They proceeded from the lowest class of the people.

The Paris mob has for some days been getting more and more exasperated against the editor of the *Presse*, who is a bold man, and tells unpleasant truths. On Thursday, a body of 200 or 400 persons presented themselves in front of the office, crying "Down with *La Presse*!" M. Emile de Girardin, the principal editor, caused the doors of the office to be thrown open instantly; and, addressing the assemblage, requested they would nominate three or four among them with whom he might confer on the subject of their complaints. After a conference of two hours, the parties retired, declaring themselves perfectly satisfied. While this went on, the Central Republican Society—the most *exalté* of all the clubs—which was then sitting, having learned that the liberty of the press was seriously threatened in the person of M. de Girardin, arrived for his protection, and found all quietly settled. The clubs generally are said to be setting themselves against the journals.

On the 17th of March the Pope made the following speech to a deputation of Romans, who, headed by Prince Corsini,

presented themselves for the purpose of thanking His Holiness for his grant of a Constitution:

"I receive this expression of your gratitude with infinite satisfaction; and I beg that you will explain in Rome and throughout my states, that I have done all in my power, and that the Sacred College has cordially and unanimously acceded to your wishes. If a few minds, more capricious than reasonable, are not yet satisfied, I doubt not that the people will be content. I repeat that I have done all that I could and ought to do—nothing more. I desire that my sentiments may be made known to all, in order that tranquillity may be re-established, and a recurrence of the acts which in some places have disturbed public order effectually prevented. Liberty cannot be separated from order. Order produces happiness; from order flows the union so necessary to secure to all the enjoyment of liberty and the fruit of the seeds implanted in the political soil. Order is blessed by God and by mankind, and affords all that the world esteems dearest—justice and joy in the bosom of the family."

April 3.

Madrid, hitherto tranquil amidst the crash of European kingdoms, has had its sanguinary conflict at last. It would appear that a plan had been formed to overthrow the Ministry by means of an insurrectionary movement, of which it was expected the military would have remained passive spectators. The leaders of the movement, having discovered that the troops were determined to resist, countermanded the orders they had given to the people. The latter, however, declared that they were betrayed, and that they would fight even without leaders. They accordingly assembled about six o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th ult., and commenced erecting barricades, which were completed in an incredibly short space of time. The fighting commenced at 7 o'clock, and continued without intermission until 3 o'clock in the morning, when the military were successful on all points, and a number of the insurgents were captured. Two hundred persons, civilians and military, are said to have been killed, and a vast number wounded. An English gentleman, named Whitwell, is said to be amongst the victims. The Queen-Mother quitted Madrid during the disturbance.

The *Madrid Gazette* of the 27th ult. contains two decrees, the first suspending the Constitution throughout the entire monarchy; the second commanding that the insurgents captured during the preceding night shall be forthwith tried by court-martial. The Captain-General has published a *bando* commanding that all persons possessing arms shall deliver them up to the authorities. Such is Spanish liberty.

All continues quiet in Paris, though the mob excitement against the *Presse* continues. The *Presse* itself publishes a proclamation, signed by the editors of the several republican newspapers in Paris, and addressed to the people of Paris, reminding them that the Republic has proclaimed the unlimited liberty of the press; that, under the sanction of that principle, all opinions may and ought to be manifested; that to violate the liberty of the press is to disregard the true spirit of democratic institutions; that such a course would be to imitate the monarchy, and to transgress the duties of a republic; that the Republic fears not the most unfounded attacks, to which discussion can always do justice. It then exhorts the people not to commit any violence against either persons or property, or to give the enemies of the Republic the satisfaction to say that the Republican Government dreads a newspaper.

General de Chabannes, aide-de-camp of Louis Philippe, has addressed a letter to the *Journal des Débats*, denying that his ex-Majesty has purchased an estate in England. "So far from being able to make such an acquisition, Louis Philippe," says the General, "lives in the greatest distress, at Claremont, under the hospitable roof of King Leopold."

The arrangements of military matters and preparations takes up a good deal of the time of the Provisional Government. The Paris papers contradict the report of the bombardment of Warsaw. The Poles are hurrying homewards from all quarters to attack the Russian power in Poland; and war seems on the point of breaking out between Prussia and Russia.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Mitchell's last instructions to the Irish people :

"For musketeers, the belts and pouches should be the same construction as for riflemen—ammunition in cartridges, and pouch larger. For small sword, bayonet. Calibre of muskets same as the British army, in order that should the Royal troops run short of ammunition, we may be enabled to supply them, and *vice versa*. For pikemen, the accoutrements are greased brogues, and a stout arm. Every endeavour should be made to obtain ammunition of all kinds, and every care should be taken to know where it can be had when wanted. The stores of food are the sinews of war. Care should be taken of them too. Not alone should rifles, muskets, and pikes be procured, but every gun and weapon in the island should be put into immediate order." And he adds :

"Where bayonets cannot be had, we beg to remind all tenant-right-less farmers and able-bodied paupers, that a strong English reaping-hook straightened, with the saw edge ground sharp, and rounded, and a socket-hilt welded to the tang, makes a weapon which, when attached to a duck-gun or long fowling-piece, is as deadly as the pike, and as complete as the bayonet. You can make it any length convenient to your purpose, and the length of your barrel, from one foot to three. A scythe-blade, fixed by a welded socket-hilt on a half pike, or shaft of six feet, becomes a weapon equally deadly. Such are the glorious *faucheurs* by which Poland avenged her slavery, when she failed to win her freedom. Meantime 'the virtues of the hour are patience and perseverance,' to get guns and run bullets."

April 4.

In the House of Lords last night, Lord Aberdeen asked the Government their opinion of the King of Sardinia's armed interference in Lombardy, which he strongly condemned. Lord Lansdowne replied, that though England is not bound to assist Austria in maintaining her position in Italy, our ambassador had been instructed to express a distinct disapprobation of the King of Sardinia's present policy on the subject.

Lord Jocelyn asked the Ministry what they were going to do to preserve the peace of Ireland, and expressed his confidence in Lord Clarendon. Lord J. Russell's reply was important, as shewing the feelings of the Government. He said that the seditious language of the Young Irelanders might be passed over in ordinary times as the raving of a distempered fancy ; but unfortunately it could not be so passed over just now. He concurred with Lord Jocelyn in thinking that the danger arising from these instigations to civil war was not likely to affect her Majesty's crown, although it might affect the peace of Ireland and the well-being of all classes in it. The position in which Lord Clarendon was now placed was most difficult and delicate. With respect to his means for meeting the rebellious conspiracy, he had only to say that the Lord Clarendon had been and was in daily communication with Sir G. Grey and himself. Lord Clarendon had informed them that while, on the one side, he saw undeniable preparations for rebellion, he had received, on the other, assurances of loyal support from the most influential Roman Catholics and Protestants, from landlords and merchants, and from every district in Ireland. Lord Jocelyn must, however, excuse him if he refused to state on this occasion what further measures were in the contemplation of Lord Clarendon and the Government. He hoped that Lord Jocelyn would be satisfied with his declaration, that the Government had looked into the law affecting this case ; that it was in constant communication with the Lord-Lieutenant upon it ; and that if his Lordship were of opinion that further powers were necessary, he (Lord J. Russell) should then feel it to be his duty to ask the House to entrust the Government with such further powers.

A desultory conversation then took place on the Navigation Laws, and a sharp debate on the motion for going into Committee on the Jewish Emancipation Bill. Mr. Goring moved as an amendment, that "so long, at least, as the House of Commons exercises the authority which at present it does exercise over the Established Church, no Jew ought to possess the franchise, much less be allowed to sit in the house." He protested against the bill as an act of national wickedness, which

was certain to draw down on the country the direct vengeance of God. Lord J. Russell hoped that the house would go into Committee at once. Mr. Gardner made a strong speech in favour of the bill and against all Church-establishments whatever ; and was afterwards attacked by Sir R. Inglis, who declared that if such language could be tolerated in a Christian assembly at present, infinitely worse must be expected when the Christian character of the house was destroyed, as it would be, by the introduction of Jews within it. He fully concurred in the proposition of Mr. Goring, and would carry the principle of it still further, by rendering the Roman Catholics incapable not only of sitting in Parliament but also of exercising the elective franchise. On going into Committee, the excitement of this preliminary skirmish was renewed by the irregular proposition of Mr. Law, who proposed that the report of the Committee should not be received forthwith (as is usual when no amendments are made in a bill), but should be postponed till Friday. Lord J. Russell overwhelmed Mr. Law with ridicule, and, as Mr. Law had based his opposition on his attachment to the Church of England, annoyed him very considerably by regretting that the defence of that Church had fallen into such hands. Mr. Law then protested against Lord John's attack, and Lord John said it was a parliamentary attack, and in no way a personal one. The report was then brought up.

The Irish intelligence continues the same as hitherto. Nothing definite has happened ; but the wild tumult of passion rages hotter every day. In England there are few signs of want of loyalty. At Manchester, a mixed audience of some 4000 or 5000 people would not leave at the conclusion of Jullien's concert in the Music Hall till "God save the Queen" had been sung amidst enthusiastic cheering ; and the Secretary of the London Chartist Delegates has written to the *Times*, in the name of the body (73 in number), to disavow all violence, and to "state most emphatically the determination of the committee that the demonstration (of next week) shall be a peaceable, orderly, and moral display of the unenfranchised and toiling masses."

The Paris journals announce the occurrence of deplorable events at Lyons, and express the most lively alarm. The people were in a state of agitation and excitement ; the troops nearly in full revolt. In the department of the Lower Seine disorder, insubordination, and several conflicts of the people with the troops, have taken place.

At Lillebonne the people assembled on Friday last, and insisted on the liberation of some seditious persons who had been arrested. The authorities refused compliance, and the troops and National Guard, who opposed the populace, were attacked by a shower of stones, and replied by a volley of musketry, which killed four men and two women, and for the moment put an end to the riot.

Elsewhere—at Rouen, for example—similar scenes of disorder have occurred.

The whole country between Bordeaux and Bayonne was said to be in the hands of marauders, who had been expelled the former city.

Gifts continue to come in aid of the Republican Treasury. The Provisional Government has received the following letter from the Archbishop of Paris :

"Paris, March 31.

"I send you my small offering, consisting of some silver forks and spoons—the only plate belonging to me. I should have hastened much sooner to bring them to the treasury of the Republic, had I not been obliged first to satisfy the obligations of justice and charity, which this year are more extensive than all the resources I am able to dispose of. I remain, &c.

"DENIS, Archbishop of Paris."

It is stated that a Piedmontese Jew, just dead, has left the Pope three millions of francs to aid him in carrying out his patriotic designs. The letter of our Correspondent from Rome gives a complete picture of the state of popular feeling in the Eternal City.

The news of the revolution of Venice is confirmed. It took place on the 22d ult., after a capitulation concluded by General Zichy with the Provisional Government. The General retired by sea, and embarked for Trieste, with all the Austrian

troops under his orders. On the following day, the Provisional Government, after consulting the people, proclaimed the Republic, which was hailed by the Venetians with the cry of *Viva San Marco*, the former war-cry of their ancestors.

April 5.

In the House of Commons a conversation took place last night on a "barbarous article" in the last number of the *Nation*, which Mr. B. Cochrane brought under the notice of Sir W. Somerville, who confessed that he had not seen it, but he had no doubt that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland would deal with it as circumstances required. Mr. F. O'Connor asked the Attorney-General whether he intended to prosecute the *Times* newspaper for the insertion of a letter in yesterday's paper, shewing how barricades might be rendered of little avail by flinging Congreve rockets and howitzer shells over them into the midst of the ruffians sheltered behind them. A debate then followed on Mr. Horsman's motion for abolishing the distinction between the episcopal and the common fund in the sums at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The general feeling of the House was evidently in favour of the principle of the motion, but against this form of expressing it. Lord J. Russell and Sir R. Peel both took this view; and in the end Mr. Horsman consented to withdraw it.

The cause of peaceable Repeal is said to be gaining rapid ground among moderate men in Ireland, not only among Catholics, but among Protestants and Conservatives, and even in Trinity College, Dublin.

The Paris news contains the important intelligence of the reply of the French Government to the Irish delegates. The deputation, consisting of Messrs. Smith O'Brien, O'Gorman, Meagher, and O'Reilly, with a few other persons who joined them there, were received by M. Lamartine. Mr. Smith O'Brien read the address of the people of Ireland; Mr. O'Gorman that of the trades of the city of Dublin; and Mr. Meagher that of the inhabitants of Manchester; an address from Liverpool was also read. M. Lamartine, in his reply, distinctly repudiates all idea of attacking England to please the Confederation, and throws cold water upon their fiery spirits. We give the answer at length in our *Documents*.

Austria is disposed for peace if she can maintain it. The *Wiener Zeitung* of the 30th of March contains an Imperial proclamation to the Estates of the German provinces of Austria, in which the Emperor declares that he is so eager to maintain peace, happiness, and prosperity in his dominions, that he will not interfere, either directly or indirectly, with the interior affairs of any other country, and that he will not go to war unless his own states or those of his allies are actually invaded. Whether this new-found pacific policy is now practicable, becomes every day more and more doubtful. It will be impossible, if the report be true that the Piedmontese had attacked the Austrians at Placentia, and defeated them, with a loss to the Austrians of 6000 men.

That most uninteresting of European disputes, the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel, promises rapidly to end in bloodshed. The Hamburg papers are full of reports of the insurrection in the Duchies. Volunteers are everywhere collecting, drilling, and manœuvring. Some bodies of volunteers have been advised to take the field with pitchforks for arms, and a large grey hat, in lieu of military accoutrements; but by far the greater part of them are well provided with rifles and dirks.

From Palermo it is announced that the Sicilian Parliament has been constituted; that Admiral Ruggiero, chief of the insurrection, has been appointed Regent, and that the political separation of Naples and Sicily is an accomplished fact.

April 6.

The Outgoing Tenants Bill for Ireland was last night rejected by the House of Commons, by 145 to 22. Mr. J. O'Connell and Mr. O'Connor spoke in its favour, the latter saying at the same time that he was shocked, disgusted, and horrified at the former's speech, in which he had said that the Irish members were oppressed by the English. Sir G. Grey spoke against the bill.

A splendid entertainment was given yesterday by the East India Company to Lord Hardinge. It was one of the banquets

which are characteristic of the Company when they wish to do honour to a person of celebrity. The trial of Mr. Gutteridge, for a libel on the new Bishop of Manchester, is going on; Mr. Gutteridge defends himself; and the examination of witnesses and papers seems interminable. Dublin swarms with preparations for attack and defence; arms are sold at a very high price, and soldiers and artillerymen are to be seen every where. Trinity College has been occupied by a company of infantry. Rifle practice goes on to a frightful extent in Cork and other parts of the provinces, as well as in the metropolis. The London Chartists repudiate all this violence, and at present uphold "moral force." The Government, however, is taking every precaution, in case there should be any manifestation of an outbreak at the assembly on Monday next on Kennington Common. A large supply of fire-arms and cutlasses has been sent from the Tower to the East India House and their different warehouses, the Custom House, Excise Office, the Post Office, Bank of England, the Mansion House, the various departments at Somerset House, the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, the Admiralty, and the different Government-offices at the West End; also to a great many of the banking-houses in the City, and the dock companies. The clerks and persons employed in these establishments will be ready to act, if absolutely necessary, against any outrage that may be committed by a mob. The swearing-in of special constables is proceeding rapidly in Lambeth, Walworth, Camberwell, the Borough, and the districts on the Surrey side of the water, where the tradespeople and householders all shew their desire to protect the public peace, if called upon.

The overwhelming difficulties in which France is involved shew themselves more distinctly every day that passes. The elections of officers of the National Guard have commenced, and have hitherto proceeded quietly, but considerable excitement will probably mark their close. The struggle is between the moderate and the ultra Republicans, and its result may indicate the tone and complexion of the elections of members of the Constituent Assembly.

The *National* denies that France has hostile views on Germany, and maintains that the closest union should take place between the two countries, in order efficaciously to support the Poles in the war between that people and the Russians. On the Russian side, the Emperor is decided and vigorous at least. He is said to have ordered that every man in Russian Poland, between the ages of 18 and 35, shall be removed into the interior of Russia.

The King of Sardinia entered Pavia at the head of 30,000 men on the 29th ult., and left next day for Iodi. The crew of an Austrian frigate in the roads of Naples has compelled the captain to hoist the Italian national flag. It is reported that Savoy has declared itself a Republic.

In Rome all is quiet in deed at least, if not in spirit. The most perfect tranquillity has prevailed since the departure of the troops and volunteers for the frontiers. The Civic Guards occupied all the military posts, and performed their duties with admirable zeal. It was calculated that General Durando would have concentrated 50,000 men at Bologna, in the course of a few days. A subscription has been entered into for the purpose of equipping the volunteers. The Pope has subscribed 50,000 francs, and the religious orders, the nobility, merchants, and Cardinals have also largely contributed. The poor vie in generosity and patriotism with the rich. The men give their watches, the women their ear-rings, rings, chains, and other gold and silver ornaments.

The Tyrol, hitherto the stronghold of Austrian rule, is now violently excited. Letters from Trent speak of large bodies of rioters who have destroyed the Custom-house of that town and thrown the furniture into the Adige. The fiscal officers were obliged to seek their safety in flight. A mob assembled next in front of the Townhall, and forced the magistrates to draw up a petition to the Emperor praying for an annexation of the Tyrol with Lombardy. The magistrates did as they were bid. They were next induced to adopt the Italian colours, and illuminate the town. Other places, Alna for instance, were equally riotous; and great outrages were committed by the infuriated population, especially the peasants.

The King of Prussia has opened his diet, and notwithstanding considerable opposition, the liberal party have succeeded in making the debates public. The answer to the King's address was carried with little resistance.

Reviews.

Journals of James Brooke, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan; with a Narrative of the operations of H.M.S. Iris. By Capt. Rodney Mundy, R.N. 2 vols. London, Murray.

THE name of James Brooke claims a place in the annals of colonisation, which hitherto has been accorded to no Englishman of past or present times. His expedition to Borneo, and the success of his efforts to establish the germs of a genuine civilisation in the midst of its semi-barbarous people, are without precedent, at least in our own days. Until now, the course of our flag has been marked with all those horrors which attend the intercourse of nations far separated from one another in the skill and arts of modern society and modern warfare. Whatsoever may have been the benefits that have ultimately issued from our rule or from our friendship, it will ever be a fearful stain upon our history, that blood has almost everywhere flowed in our footsteps; that we have imported every where the vices of Europe, without exterminating the vices of the people among whom we have come to dwell. We have exterminated little except the aborigines themselves, wherever our ships have carried. Other European powers have, indeed, been more guilty; we are at least not chargeable with the demoniacal cruelties which tarnish the recollections of Dutch colonisation and commercial enterprise, nor with the reckless bloodshedding and insane ferocity of the Spanish conquerors of Peru and Mexico. Yet we have none to shew, who has the same title to our esteem as James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan.

Mr. Brooke's proceedings have been so prominently brought before the public eye, that there is no need of saying a word of their general character and results. For some time, indeed, few people knew even of his existence, when all at once a strange story got abroad, that in the far East a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Bath had become an Oriental prince. At first the tale seemed hardly credible, but by and by it was known to be an undoubted fact; and, moreover, it appeared that the newly-made Rajah had reached his power neither by fighting nor by intrigue, but by that moral force which gives a necessary influence to the intelligent, the honest, and the brave, over the barbarous, the deceitful, and the timid. Of course everybody then began to think that the hero of this new romance must be a very remarkable person; and accordingly, when Mr. Brooke at length visited England on business with his own Sovereign and Government, he speedily became the lion of the day; and no revolutions being then in progress, formed one of the chief topics of conversation both for the busy and the idle. He was, however, too much of a real lion to stay in England to be fondled; and accordingly, when he had made his arrangements, he started again with all speed on his noble mission.

His friend Captain Mundy has now published a large portion of his journals, written from time to time in the course of the events which have made him so celebrated, filling up from his own sources any *lacunæ* which here and there interrupt the progress and connexion of the narrative, and the extracts already given by Keppel are thus completed and perfected. We need hardly say, that this is by far the most interesting of all the books which have been given to the world on the subject of the recent events in Borneo. Apart from the great mass of information they convey, they are peculiarly welcome as furnishing an insight into the modes of thought and principles of action of a man who has so remarkably distinguished himself. We have little doubt that they will add to the esteem in which Mr. Brooke is so generally held, and increase his reputation for ability, thoughtfulness, good sense, and energetic benevolence. Like all that comes forth from men who possess any of the elements of true greatness of character, they are wholly free from egotism

and the spirit of display, even when touching upon matters in which these intolerable follies are most apt to intrude themselves. They make no pretence to be what they are not, nor to give any such consecutive and historical notices as would serve for a complete series of annals of the events they touch upon; they are simply the journals of the moving spirit in the whole expedition, the observations of a man who had his eyes about him for every thing of interest and importance in all that relates to the inhabitants, country, and productions of Borneo and Celebes. And we think it will be the general opinion, that the diversity of subjects to which Mr. Brooke turned his attention, and the unwearied energy with which he followed up every little pursuit which might in any degree tend to further the great object he had in view, are almost as remarkable as the singular task itself to which he devoted his fortune and himself.

The portion of the journal which relates to Celebes is the most novel and interesting of the whole. It gives us, for the first time, an account of the Bugis states and their inhabitants. Their peculiarities have been hitherto almost unknown; and as they are just now desirous of forming commercial relations with the English nation, these peculiarities, striking enough in themselves, are the more worthy of attention. The constitution of these Bugis states is essentially different from that of any other kingdoms which have embraced the Mahometan religion. While every other race that has submitted to the Koran has also yielded itself to the most rigorous of despotism, these territories, particularly that of Wajo, would seem to be almost on the high road to European political freedom. Mr. Brooke considers that their government bears a striking resemblance to the old feudal system of the West. We give his opinion in his own words, especially as it introduces one of those passages of reflection which occur here and there in the journals, and which shew the philosophical habits of thought which their author unites to his practical energy and personal courage.

"From this review, it will strike us that the government (or constitution) of Wajo, though ruled by feudal and arbitrary rajahs, though cumbersome and slow in its movements, and defective in the administration of equal justice between man and man, yet possesses many claims to our admiration, and bears a striking resemblance to the government of feudal times in Europe, or rather that period in the Low Countries when the rights of free citizens were first acknowledged. I regret, however, my being compelled to give many details which shew that their *practice* is very much at variance with their *written laws*, and it is a matter of still greater regret, that in that progressive and imperceptible march of improvement, that growing importance which marks the prosperity of young states, they are altogether wanting or retrograding. Our judgment, however, of their faults must be mild, when we consider that, amid all the nations of the East—amid all the people professing the Mahometan religion, from Turkey to China—the Bugis alone have arrived at the threshold of recognised rights, and have alone emancipated themselves from the fetters of despotism.

"We cannot fail to admire in these infant institutions the glimmer of elective government, the acknowledged rights of citizenship, and the liberal spirit which has never placed a single restriction upon foreign or domestic commerce. That a people advanced to this point would gradually progress if left to themselves, and uncontaminated and unoppressed, there is every reason to believe; and in the decline of their circumstances, and the decay of their public institutions, we may trace the evil influence of European domination.

"It is contended, and will always be contended, that the location of a just and liberal European people amid uncivilised or demi-civilised races, is calculated to advance the best interests of those races, by the diffusion of knowledge, the impartial administration of justice, the liberal principles of government, and the increase of commerce. The question is one, the discussion of which would require a space I cannot now devote to it; but taking it in the most favourable point of view, granting that a government is all it ought to be, let it be asked, have any people ever been so civilised, especially where the difference of colour stamps a mark of inextinguishable distinction between the governing and the governed? Is it not as necessary for states, as for individuals, to form a distinctive character? The vassalage of the mass, like the dependence of a single mind, may form a yielding, pliant, and even able character; but, like wax, it retains one impression only, to be succeeded by the next which shall be given. The struggles of a nation—its internal contests, its dear-bought experience, its

hard-earned rights, its gradual progress—are absolutely necessary to the development of freedom. Any other mode, any patent means, is but reducing a people from a bad state to a worse; and, whilst offering them protection and food, depriving them of all that stimulus which leads to the independence of communities. Has any European nation ever been civilised by this process? I know of none. The downfall of Rome was the first dawn of liberty to her conquered provinces; and what struggles, what bloodshed, what civil wars, what alternate advancement and retrogression, have marked the strife of liberty in our own country! How slow has been its pace! how severe the training which has impregnated the mass with the desire, as well as with the knowledge of freedom! Could this otherwise have been? can it ever be? Is not dependence, however slight, an insuperable bar? I should answer, Yes. National independence is essential to the first dawn of political institutions; and that can only be effected in two ways: first, by the amalgamation of two races—the governing and the governed; or, secondly, by the expulsion of the former. In the case of the dark races, the latter is the only alternative; and any body who may not like this philosophy must go to the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and look for one suited to his taste. It is a question to which the lust of conquest, the love of gain, the mass of benefit to individuals, conspire to render men, as well as all governments, blind. They rob a nation of its all—of all that they hold dear to themselves—and give them a spangled robe to cover their naked limbs. The abstract question, however (and this is little better), goes farther back. The first principle must be sought in the right of any existing generation to part with their country. If such a right does not exist (and I believe it does not, and never can), neither can the right of acquisition exist; and the tenure of all colonies, save those founded on uninhabited lands, must rest on the right of conquest, which, in reality, means the will and power of the conquerors."

In a subsequent paragraph he gives a sketch of some of the more singular peculiarities of this remarkable race.

"As no nation grants greater privileges to high birth, so no people are more tenacious of the purity of their descent. They are as careful of their blood as we are of that of our race-horses; and the pure blood once crossed is never cleansed from the stain. The full blood is that of the chiefs; and the descendants by a father and mother, both thorough bred, are called *arang sangün*. A woman of pure blood never can marry any but of her own class; but the men mix their blood in marriage with the daughters of freemen, and this cross is denominated *rajin*, or *dain*, the latter being a term affixed to the name of the children. The descendants of a rajah by a *rajin* rank next to the pure blood, and are termed *rajin matassah*; whilst the children of a rajah by a slave are called *anak charah*.

"The *arang sangün* cannot intermarry with any lower class. The same law obtains with respect to the *rajin matassah*, but has fallen into disuse; and matches are now frequently contracted between them and wealthy freemen—an encroachment which will probably extend as the middle class become more influential through their wealth. The families of rich *Nakodahs* chiefly form this middle rank; an important body, who, from their greater enlightenment and superior riches, are both respected and looked up to by all classes. Polygamy is allowed amongst the Bugis, but is practised with restrictions unknown to other Mahometan countries. Two wives seldom live in the same house; and the number rarely exceeds three or four. Their separate establishments are chiefly supported by themselves, with occasional help from their lords; though many years may pass without any intercourse between husband and wife. Divorce is easily procured by the men; and mutual inclination is a sufficient plea. In the case of the woman, there must be some ground of complaint; and the mere absence of the conjugal rites is not sufficient. Concubinage is not common, prostitution almost unknown; and certainly, in these respects, as well as in the decency of the married condition, the Bugis are far superior to any other eastern nation. The importance attached to high blood has probably been the cause that has prevented the confinement of their women when they embraced the faith of Islam. All the offices of state, including even that of *aru matoah*, are open to women; and they actually fill the important post of government, four out of the six great chiefs of Wajo being at present females. These ladies appear in public like the men—ride, rule, and visit even foreigners, without the knowledge or consent of their husbands. The privileges attached to pure birth are many and important, and will readily suggest themselves; amongst which may be stated the power of governing, the right of support, impunity from punishment (save from crimes committed against their own class), the power of punishing, &c."

Farther on, he furnishes another portrait of these ladies and their lords:

"Women of rank, and the females of their household, wear

the thumb-nail long, and enclosed in a preposterously long case. The manners of the ladies are easy and self-possessed, but listless and indolent. The men of the better class partake of this indolence and elegance of manner; but the lower orders of both sexes are noisy, boisterous, and inquisitive; and the followers of the rajah, I should say, overbearing and insolent. The Bugis are said (and I believe with much truth) to be the greatest bullies and boasters in the Archipelago; at the same time, they are the bravest and most energetic race; and the freedom of their institutions encourages the open expression of their sentiments. Since my arrival, I have been unable to discover the faintest trace of any limit to the freedom of discourse."

Some of the most amusing bits in the journal are records of its author's conversations with the natives. He found them occasionally almost as acute questioners as himself. Here is an instance of one of the catechisms he underwent from the chiefs:

"What pleasure could you take in coming so far?"

"I replied, that it was difficult for him to understand how much Englishmen liked going to different places; that all Englishmen travelled; many, like myself, kept vessels to visit foreign countries.

'Do you receive any pay?'—'No.'

'Do you trade?'—'No.'

'When in England, did you not trade?'—'No.'

'How do you live, then?'

'I have a fortune of my own?'

'Then you must be a relation of the Queen?'

'I have not that honour.'

'Which is the stronger nation, England or Holland?'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'England.'

'Are they friends?'—'Yes.'

'Russia is a very strong nation?'—'Yes.'

'Is she as strong as England?'

'She is powerful; but, in my opinion, England and France are the two strongest nations.'"

After this, we must give an account of a conversation in which Mr. Brooke was the questioner:

"I here detail the principal questions put to Sagama, a Bukar Dyak chief, a man of intelligence, who spoke Malay with moderate fluency.

'Did he know any thing of God (Allah talla)?'—'No.'

'Did his tribe believe that any one lived in the clouds?'

'Yes; Tupa lived there.'

'Who sent thunder, lightning, and rain?'—'Tupa.'

'Do they ever pray to Tupa, or offer sacrifice?'—'No.'

'When a man dies, what do they do with his body?'

'They burn it.'

'Where do the dead go to after they are buried?'

'To Sabyan.'

'Where is Sabyan?'

'Under the earth.'

'Where is his father gone?'

'To Sabyan,—all the Dyak men and women who are dead are under the ground in Sabyan.'

'How long will they stay at Sabyan?'

'Don't know.'

'When he dies, will he meet his father?'

'Yes; and his mother, and all the people.'

'Are they happy in Sabyan?'

'Yes, very happy.'

'If a man was wicked, would he go to Sabyan?'

'Yes; but to another place; and he would not be happy.'"

The personal feelings with which Mr. Brooke undertook and prosecuted his enterprise will naturally be among the most curious and interesting parts of his journals, so far as he withdraws the veil from his private thoughts. This, of course, he does very sparingly; but now and then he puts his sentiments upon paper, and shews the strong convictions under which he commenced and carried on his work. The following is one such passage:

"This tribe of Kayans are described as exceedingly wild; but their superstitions go, at any rate, to prove a belief in a future state. Oh, that the banner of civilisation could be unfurled amongst them! If the resources of their country could be developed by a more enlarged trade—if wants could be created, and their condition ameliorated—if the disgusting feature of head-hunting could be softened down to its gradual abolition—it would be a proud reflection for any man. It is a task to which I would willingly devote my life, my energies, and my fortune; but I fear the resources requisite are greater than I can, unassisted, command. How many, with wealth superfluous, might enter upon this task with better prospect of success,

and comparative ease of mind, which narrow means—the *res angusta*—will not allow! But still, as I am here, I feel, as it were, the trumpet-call of Providence, leading me on as an instrument; and if partial success attend me—if I become but the pioneer—if others are doomed to reap where I have sown—still will I be content with this. That such an undertaking is meritorious and innocent, all must allow; but all cannot know the thorns in the path—the unceasing troubles which attend the endeavour—the temper, fortitude, and carelessness of life which it requires—to say nothing of the toils and frequent disappointments which it constantly entails.

“Be it so; I will work on; and if I fail—if I curtail my future means—I shall have the satisfactory reflection of a high duty performed, the fruit of which must, some time or other, become apparent; and reflection and conscience will help to support me in failure, and whisper that my countrymen will one day appreciate my labour and my sacrifices.”

It must not be supposed that an English gentleman could be converted into an Oriental rajah without some little fiery opposition and covert intrigue, and Mr. Brooke had his bitter enemies as well as his devoted friends. Nevertheless, he seems to have fared altogether remarkably well, and to have conciliated the affections of the better-disposed classes so effectually, that little remained to his opponents but to make a shew of resistance and then to yield. Nor are we to suppose that the sovereign who yielded the government to the stranger was so wonderful an exception to the race of princes as to be too eager to part with any portion of his authority, or to place it in the hands of a man whom he saw to be not a little independent and determined. How Mr. Brooke knew when it was time to *compel* the Borneo prince either to fulfil his agreement or to break it off altogether, will be seen from his own account of his final appointment to his office:

“October 1.—Events of great importance have occurred during the last month. I will shortly narrate them. The advent of the Royalist and Swift, and a second visit from the Diana, on her return from Bruné with the shipwrecked crew of the Sultana, strengthened my position, as it gave evidence that the Singapore authorities were on the alert, and otherwise did good to my cause by creating an impression amongst the natives of my power and influence with the governor of the Straits’ settlements. Now, then, was my time for pushing measures to extremity against my subtle enemy, the arch-intriguer Makota. I had previously made several strong remonstrances, and urged for an answer to a letter I had addressed to Muda Hassim, in which I had recapitulated in detail the whole particulars of our agreement, concluding by a positive demand, either to allow me to retrace my steps, by repayment of the sums which he had induced me to expend, or to confer upon me the grant of the government of the country, according to his repeated promises; and I ended by stating that, if he would not do either one or the other, *I must find means to right myself*. Thus did I, for the first time since my arrival in the land, present any thing in the shape of a menace before the rajah—my former remonstrances only going so far as to threaten to take away my own person and vessels from the river.

“My *ultimatum* had gone forth, and I prepared for active measures; but the conduct of Makota himself soon brought affairs to a crisis. He was determined at all hazards to drive me from the country, and to involve Muda Hassim in such pecuniary difficulties as effectually to prevent his payment of my debt. Makota dared not openly attack me, so he endeavoured to tamper with my servants; and, by threats and repeated acts of oppression, actually prevented all persons who usually visited me, either on board or on shore, from coming near me. His spies watched every party supposed to be well inclined towards me, and they were punished without reason or mercy; and finally, some villain had been induced to attempt to poison my interpreter, by putting arsenic in his rice. The agents of Makota were pointed out as the guilty parties. I laid my depositions before the rajah, and demanded an investigation. My demand, as usual, was met by vague promises of future inquiry, and Makota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany; but the moment for action had now arrived. My conscience told me that I was bound no longer to submit to such injustice, and I was resolved to test the strength of our respective parties. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions and mode of operation, and having loaded my vessel’s guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and, taking up a position at the entrance of the rajah’s palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience. In a few words, I pointed out the villany of Makota, his tyranny and oppression of all classes, and my determination to

attack him by force, and drive him from the country. I explained to the rajah that several chiefs, and a large body of Siniawan Dyaks, were ready to assist me, and that the only course left to prevent bloodshed was immediately to proclaim me governor of the country.

“This unmistakeable demonstration had the desired effect. A resistance, indeed, on his part would have been useless; for the Chinese population, and the inhabitants of the town generally, remained perfectly neutral. None joined the party of Makota, and his paid followers were not more than twenty in number. Under the guns of the Royalist, and with a small body of men to protect me personally, and the great majority of all classes with me, it is not surprising that the negotiation proceeded rapidly to a favourable issue. The document was quickly drawn up, sealed, signed, and delivered; and on the 29th of September, 1841, I was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, amidst the roar of cannon, and a general display of flags and banners from the shore and boats on the river.”

Next week we may return to these curious volumes, and shall therefore content ourselves with one more extract, recording the scene that took place when the Sultan’s confirmation of his nomination was publicly read.

“When we returned from Borneo, the Sultan’s letter giving me the country was read in public, and when finished we had a scene. Muda Hassim, who was standing, asked aloud whether any one dissented; for if they did, they were now to make it known. From the public, he went to individuals, and made Makota declare his assent to my nomination. Muda Hassim then drew forth his sabre, and raising it, proclaimed in a loud voice, that any one who contested the Sultan’s appointment, his head should be split in two. On which, ten of his brothers drew their krisses, and flourished them in Makota’s face, jumping and dancing, and striking the pillar by which he sat, over his head. A motion of Makota’s would have been fatal; but he kept his eyes on the ground, and stirred not. I, too, remained quiet, and cared nothing about this demonstration; for one gets accustomed to these things. It all passed off; and in ten minutes, the men who had been leaping frantic about the room, with drawn weapons and inflamed countenances, were seated quiet and demure as usual, and the flames of their dangerous passions were repressed in their bosoms, whence they seldom escape without more fatal results accruing.”

Sketches of Continental Ecclesiology; or Church Notes in Belgium, Germany, and Italy. By the Rev. Benjamin Webb, M.A. London, Masters.

THERE is a class of persons who, remaining pertinaciously external to the Church, are yet drawn by an irresistible sympathy to feel a deep interest in all which occurs within its pale. Too well informed to acquiesce without a protest in the abuses around them, but too conceited to bow with faithful humbleness before a Divine authority, they fall into a haughty eclecticism, and in place of “the Communion of Saints” substitute as an article of their creed “the isolation of taste.”

Such is the Rev. Benjamin Webb. While conceiving the form of religion which he professes to be incomplete and capable of material improvement, and utterly repudiating all the other kindred kinds of Protestantism, he arrogates to himself the license of dissecting, criticising, and condemning whatever amongst Catholics or Protestants appears displeasing to his prejudices or predilections. Without any intention of deprecating the sentence which theologians will pass upon these high pretensions, we take up Mr. Webb’s book with some anxiety to ascertain in what aspect the rites and practices of the Church present themselves to a cold, unloving critic, judging—not without acerbity—of the outward forms alone.

The short preface which introduces the volume is chary of information respecting its history. It tells us, however, that it is nothing more than “a string of Church-notes gathered by the way, during journeys necessarily very hurried, and, moreover, not undertaken with an ecclesiological object.” These journeys, we believe, were undertaken during two long vacations by parties of young men belonging to Cambridge, who placed themselves under the tuition of Mr. Webb; and we confess to a feeling of doubt as to whether the profits, if any, of this bulky book ought not in justice to go to the pupils who took out the tutor, rather than to the tutor who spent his pupils’ time in pursuing his favourite study. If such an arrangement were effected, we

fancy that a share of the proceeds would pass into Catholic hands.

The work does not pretend to be complete, either as a catalogue of the churches of an assigned district, or as a guide to the most interesting of them, or even as a detailed and sufficient description of any one of the buildings mentioned in it. The edifices are set down as they chanced to lie in the traveller's path, and are for the most part described without reference to the numberless illustrative and historical treatises of varying value already before the public, and without assistance from any of the learned ecclesiastics attached to them. Indeed, it cannot be enough regretted that our author should have spent so much time within the walls of Catholic churches without (apparently) becoming acquainted with a single Catholic worshipper. Surely this was to carry to excess the exclusiveness of the English national character, and to fling away one great means of gaining a really intimate knowledge of architectural peculiarities. Is it possible that those who are too vain to learn can have any mission to teach?

As a descriptive work, we cannot speak highly of Mr. Webb's labours. Page after page is filled with that meaningless pedantic jargon, which ecclesiologism endeavours to substitute for intelligent architectural description. This arbitrary slang has been too long tolerated. It is neither vernacular nor technical. It is unintelligible to all architects, save the two or three whom the Camden Society supports; while to the common workman, as well as to the ordinary reader, it is just so much gibberish. Mr. Webb is not deficient in common sense. Let him henceforward eschew the language of former folly. We need not trouble our readers with examples of what we mean.

Mr. Webb's remarks upon Catholic practices appear to be marked by candour, with one grand exception, to which we may revert hereafter. Take the very first page. He lands at Ostend, and goes out by night church-hunting.

"Against the outside was a rood with a shabby light burning before it, and a kneeling-place at a little distance. But far more striking was a dim light, scarcely discernible, which, as we changed our position, occasionally glanced through the large windows of the church from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament. This seemed to take off all feeling of loneliness such as sometimes our own churches produce; it made one feel as if the church were tenanted, and one could well believe in the presence of angel-watchers."

In the same spirit he describes a High Mass at Ratisbon:

"I have seldom seen a more imposing service than a pontifical Mass here on Sunday, August 25, 1844, being S. Louis' day, and the King's fête; the civic and military officers assisting in costume. There were seven candles on the altar, one hanging before the tabernacle, the corona lighted, two on the credence, and a small movable one on the altar itself. Besides which, six large tapers were brought in for the consecration. It happened to be a very dark rainy day, and the choir, in spite of its vast windows, would have been in gloom were it not for the lights which flashed and gleamed upon the vestments and the gold pastoral staff and mitre. Besides the chapter, wearing red silk tippets, in the stalls, there were twenty-one engaged in the Liturgy. Their grouping and general ministration was most beautiful. The organ was aided by an instrumental band with kettle-drums and trumpets. Just before the *Tersanctus* there was a sudden pause, the silence only broken by the muffled sound of people dropping on their knees. Then the sance-bell rang shrilly out, and immediately the whole peal of bells began their clamour. The bells, which were rung by persons in surplices, also added their voice to the burst of the choir, organ, and trumpets in the *Gloria*. There had been a sermon in the cathedral at eight A.M. before the Mass."

Surely it was the elevation and not the *Tersanctus* which gave a meaning to this solemn scene. Here, again, is a pleasing sketch of early Mass in the Tyrol:

"On July 26, S. Anne's day, the bell here began ringing at forty-five minutes past four A.M., and nearly the whole village immediately assembled. As they entered the churchyard, —the men taking off their hats,—all crossed themselves with holy water from a stoup by the gate, then knelt down before some one or other cross or station, and then aspersed either particular graves or the cemetery in general. At five Mass began: the church was crammed, the women entering by a north door, the men by a west door. All had rosaries; and a

great many men, who could not find room inside, continued kneeling on the ground outside the west-door the whole time of the Mass."

How many of his Protestant readers will understand the following?

"I witnessed a High Mass here; the music, Ambrosian, was sublimely sung. There were priest, deacon, subdeacon, an acolyte, and two thuriferarii. The deacon wore his stole on his left shoulder, over his dalmatic. The deacon went all round the altar censing, attended by the subordinates. The subdeacon knelt at the north side, the deacon at the south. The acolyte assisted the priest at his left hand. At the *Lavabo* the deacon stood at the priest's right hand with the towel; the subdeacon at his left with the ewer, and the acolyte between them with the bason. At the consecration they all knelt in a row behind the priest, in this order, counting from the north: subdeacon, thuriferarii, acolyte, deacon; and behind them knelt four ceroferarii. Immediately after communion, the subdeacon veils and carries out the chalice. The censer used at Milan is open and shallow, and consequently cannot be swung high like the common covered thurible. There is a peculiar Ambrosian use for incensing the altar."

How many will enter into the commemoration at Florence of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary?

"Except for the temporary choir, in the north transept, mentioned above, the ritual arrangements are very correct and magnificent. At 9 A.M. one Sunday (Sept. 22, 1844), a Low Mass was said at the high altar; when it was over, the green frontal was moved away and shewed a white one. The choir had now assembled; the canons in the upper stalls wore brown capes and gowns over their arms; the minor canons in the middle row had crimson capes; and the third row was occupied by acolyths and singers. Tierce was nobly sung. Two acolyths stood by the central lettern, which, under a strong lamp, bore a vast illuminated antiphonary: at the antiphons the precentor, attended by two succentors in copes, and holding cantoral staves, stood at some distance from it facing east, and twelve singers grouped themselves between them and the lettern: and so the antiphons were sung. The priest, deacon, subdeacon, and an assistant in a cope, came in in procession, and Mass was sung to true Church music with occasional organ accompaniments. I remarked that there was a small movable lighted candle placed on the altar. Two torches only were brought in at the Gospel and time of consecration. When the canon began, the two succentors left their seats and went to the lettern, where they were joined by four others whom they seemed to summon by a sign from their stalls, and then they sang the *Stabat Mater* antiphonally. It was very beautiful to see the reverence of the whole ceremony: the singers grouped round the lettern, and then went back to their stalls, with the most perfect order and noiseless silence. Other Masses were proceeding in the church at the same time, and the clergy went freely in and out of the choir all the time. After Mass Sexts were sung."

The "small movable, lighted candle" puzzled our author elsewhere as well as here. Any Catholic would explain the arrangement for him, if he would but condescend to speak, instead of confining himself to books, which he is quite incompetent to understand without an interpreter. Small things, indeed, seem to have a particular charm for him. In places, his minuteness is positively puerile. For example, at Vespers, in St. Michele, at Rome: "Being seated behind the altar, I noticed that the coals went out in the thurible: the master of the ceremonies, much disconcerted, sent the boy forward, nevertheless, to swing the censer." There is abundance of similar frivolity throughout the volume, but for the most part it is simple and harmless. Thus he records people at confession of an evening, and priests preaching from the altar, and litanies chanted alternately, and torches brought in at the canon,—all which, and much more, he may see daily in Catholic churches in his own country.

Few Protestants would appreciate so justly as Mr. Webb the religious beauty of processions.

"The first sight of a religious procession is very striking. I will describe one I saw on Sunday, July 7, 1844, from S. Michael's or the Jesuit's church in this city. On this day the *Kirch-weih-fest*, or feast of the dedication of the church, was celebrated. Solemn High Mass was sung with great pomp at an early hour, the church being full of worshippers, great numbers of whom communicated, of course at a side altar. The route of the procession—probably the extent of the parish

—was strewn with green boughs and rose-leaves: nearly every window along the streets was opened, hung with cloth, and displaying a crucifix between lighted candles; banners and garlands floated in every possible position, and shrines and small altars were fitted up at intervals all along the line of road. The procession, which moved very slowly and with frequent halts, took full twenty minutes in passing. First came different confraternities with banners; then detachments of women; and the little girls of the parish, two and two, dressed in white, and the youngest of them carrying lilies, preceded the larger body of the clergy who accompanied the Blessed Sacrament carried under a canopy. Two bands of music were included in the procession. The different detachments sang psalms successively, there being generally two singing at the same time in different parts of the whole line; and all, while not singing, recited prayers from their rosaries, with very affecting earnestness and devotion. Few could help being much moved at the evident heartiness and simplicity of this solemn parochial act of common praise and worship."

Again, in Rhenish Prussia, he says:

"It is not unusual in this neighbourhood for a number of persons, men and women, to go on Sundays or festivals for considerable distances in a pilgrimage-procession to some shrine or church, whence they return in the evening. They go usually in two files, the men on one side of the road and the women on the other, and are preceded by a cross and banner. Along the way they sing psalms or pater prayers."

He expresses equal gratification with the solemnities of Catholic burial.

"I ought not to leave Florence without noticing the great reverence with which the details of funerals are conducted. The Campagna della Misericordia is a confraternity to which our own cities ought to afford a parallel. Parties of them in long black dresses and hoods may be seen towards evening carrying biers with hasty steps, and attended by a few taper-bearers. Sometimes the bearers wear white dresses. I once observed the corpse of a priest carried by some ecclesiastics vested in surplices and bearing torches. One night I saw the Blessed Sacrament taken to some dying person. A little shrill bell rung in triplets, caused most windows to be thrown open, and lights to be shewn at them and in the balconies. A cross-bearer followed, and then eight of a confraternity, and then the priest under a canopy, followed by some persons with lighted torches. The lights were kept at the windows till the return of the party, which was speedy."

Similarly:

"There is a huge common cemetery at Munich, full of monuments of all kinds and classes, with a chapel where all the deceased of each day lie in open coffins with their names attached, to be viewed through glass doors. It is a most pretty sight to see mothers bringing their children to the cemetery, and teaching them to use the aspersory over their relations' graves. Garlands and flowers are very common."

The notices of celebrated pictures, scattered up and down this volume, are mostly superficial, but well-intentioned. The naturalists find no favour with Mr. Webb. He tolerates nothing but the ancient severity. Still, every one must assent to his hearty admiration of Beato Angelico, and feel pleasure in his remarks upon the treasures of San Marco. As a specimen, we take the following:

"In another part of the gallery is a very grand picture of our Lord, in the arms of the Virgin Mother, surrounded by various saints. It is singular how the Divine Infant is made the very centre and chief point of the picture. The Holy Child is royally seated, and fully draped in a white robe and pink mantle. The little right hand is raised in benediction; the left stretched out: the countenance, though quite infantine, is wonderfully majestic. The Mother of God is clothed in a dark blue mantle, with a star on her shoulder; the expression of her countenance is one of serene and lofty, and contemplative, but slightly wondering, love. Around stand S. Mark, S. Laurence, S. Peter Martyr, and S. Dominic; the latter holding a book inscribed with the beginning of his rule: '*Caritatem habete, humilitatem servate, paupertatem voluntariam possidete, &c.*'"

The clergy figure before us but seldom. In Belgium, "nothing can exceed their usual courtesy and the general propriety of their demeanour," notwithstanding that once on a time our author "saw an ecclesiastic in a railway-carriage greedily appropriate the best seat, and afterwards smoke!" In Lombardy, "the clergy seemed very well off, and well dressed. They wear cocked hats, long black coats, and blue neckcloths."

And the canons of Como are twice "jotted down as particularly 'high and dry!'" Poor fellows! perhaps they have scarce heard of ecclesiology or the Camden Society.

The long pages of architectural description and verbose pedantry, as we consider them, nevertheless contain a few redeeming passages. Of the best of these, Cologne Cathedral is the subject.

"The cathedral must be mentioned first; but it is too glorious a work for description. Regular in plan, and almost uniform in detail, it does not afford much for the note-book. The impression that it gives is a whole; one of inexpressible grandeur and beauty. In this respect it is like S. Peter's, that the first glance can in no degree appreciate its scale. The proportions are vast, but most accurate and beautiful: so that at first they only satisfy, and it is long before they begin to astonish. It is curious that one feels as if one had very soon 'seen' the cathedral. Unlike S. Mark's at Venice, for example, where every part and detail seems to detain the visitor, Cologne only impresses with one great effect. Even if a long time be consumed in the church, it is not in the examination of a number of interesting points, but in a contemplation of the whole. The mind expands and soars away in this prodigious temple, forgetful of minute particularities. The eye sees rich details, gilded capitals, coloured imagery, gorgeous windows, but rests on none of them; these are rejected as being subservient to the great idea, or rather they are not rejected, for they are too humble and well ordered to be obtrusive. They are just where and what they ought to be; necessary but quite subsidiary parts of the design; and claiming to be no more. It is just as in the solemn performance of the ritual of the altar, where there are many degrees of ministers, each in his duty, and order, and dress, and local position, contributing to make up the whole act of sublime worship. It would be wrong if one knee knelt too many, one taper flashed needlessly, one censer swung too prominently. The rapt worshipper sees all and yet sees none. All he sees and feels is, that in the very beauty of holiness the highest service man can offer is being rendered to God in the divine liturgy. So the unknown designer of Cologne made every art and even substance minister as it were a rational service in its appointed subordination around the material altar for which he, a true poet, made this material shrine. He has fixed and embodied a heavenly vision. He conceived a not unworthy temple for Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain; and we see in wood and stone the expression of his sublime thought. His poem presents to us a master-harmony, in which metal and stone and wood, and every art that moulds them, combine to praise and glorify God: and his work exalts the soul to adoration much in the same way as does the sublimity of an Alpine range. A glorious view of what we call external nature can certainly elevate our souls towards heaven. Much more so can Christian art. External nature need not speak of more than the greatness and goodness of our Creator: but Christian art in all its branches leads the beholder directly to Him who took the manhood into God, and by his incarnation permitted and authorised and sanctified our use of matter in his service, and to his glory."

It is remarkable that an author who enters so warmly into the beauty of Catholic ceremonial should find but little to admire in Rome, where the sublimity of the present, no less than the associations of the past, ought to have moved the deepest feelings of his inmost soul, and kindled into enthusiasm even the frost of Anglicanism. But, in truth, the visible centre of unity excited in his mind little but spleen, and only afforded an opportunity for the exhibition of a rancour quite at variance with his usual tone of philosophical candour. It is very plain that while in Rome Mr. Webb's mind was out of tune. He roamed through churches, and looked at many wonders; but he understood nothing. He wanted the influence of a Catholic friend to guide him, and converse with him, and interpret for him all the mighty sights around. Galled at his isolation in the home of Christianity, mortified to find himself a stranger before the shrines of Apostles and in the cradle of Faith, he turns almost vindictively upon all that he saw, and maligns what he would fain were his.

—There is one passage in his account of the catacombs so audacious as to demand rebuke. "There is," he says, "a strange contrast in externals between a High Mass at S. Peter's, or our own eucharistic sacrifice, and a communion at some martyr's tomb in these dismal catacombs. But it is the same sacrament." Now, we ask Mr. Webb, as a Protestant clergyman within the power of Sir J. Fust and the Arches Court, whether he

means what he here says? Does he himself believe it? Over and over again in this volume he reiterates, "I saw a Mass here," "I was present at a Mass there;" now, on these occasions did he join in the worship? Did he take the service to be the same that he celebrates himself once in a month? Dare he offer himself for Communion in a Catholic church? He saw Catholics devoutly adoring God present under the sacramental veils: did he adore in like manner? In the hundreds of Catholic churches which he visited, did he once play the Christian by such an act of adoration?

We had marked for quotation some amusing passages indicative of the disdainful feelings with which Mr. Webb regards Lutherans and Calvinists, and churches "desecrated" by their services; but space warns us to omit them. But in all seriousness, let us ask Mr. Webb, rejecting Protestants and rejected by Catholics, what does he call himself? Are we to understand his title-page, where it describes him as "Honorary Secretary of the Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society," to be the profession of his religious communion? Is he an ecclesiologist, and nothing more?

The Anglo-Saxon Version of the Life of St. Guthlac, Hermit of Crowland. Now first printed from a MS. in the Cottonian Library. With a Translation and Notes, by Charles Wycliffe Goodwin, M.A., Fellow of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. Pp. 125. London, John Russell Smith.

THIS interesting little volume contains an Anglo-Saxon version of a life of the Saint, originally written in Latin by a monk of the name of Felix, before the year 750. The date of the version now first published by Mr. Goodwin is unknown; it is taken from a rather corrupt MS., supposed to be about as old as the Norman Conquest. St. Guthlac himself died in 714 or 715, so that Felix was enabled to compile his account from persons who had both seen and conversed with the saint in his lifetime.

As it might be expected from the age in which the account was written, it abounds with miraculous events. But it is impossible not to be struck with the tone of fervent piety and the simplicity of faith which pervade the whole narrative. The author warns his readers in the prologue not to scoff at his little work, written by the command of King Alfwold. "lest, while they think of laughter, they become suddenly blinded by the obscurity of darkness." There is much that is exceedingly curious in the short sketch of the life and trials of this eminent saint, even though the details were already known to us from other sources, the Latin life having been before published.

St. Guthlac was the son of a nobleman called Penwald, and his wife Tette. Wonderful signs attended his birth, which seemed to mark him for a life of holy retirement. Notwithstanding these, he is no sooner grown to manhood than he takes arms and devotes himself to the favourite Saxon amusements of slaughtering his enemies, and burning and ravaging their towns. But one night he is suddenly and mysteriously converted, and resolves to follow a monastic life. Accordingly he receives the tonsure at the age of twenty-four, and becomes a pattern of humility, learning, purity, and devotion. He eschews all strong drink, "through which drunkenness comes,"—(this, it is well known, was the prevailing vice of the Anglo-Saxons;—) and after living two years in the monastery of Repton, in Derbyshire, he begins to long for the wilderness and a hermitage. The following is a very interesting account of the state of the fens in which Crowland was situated. At the present day it is a desolate-looking market-town, in the midst of a vast flat, extending as far as the eye can reach in every direction. The roads are now good, and the soil well drained and singularly productive. At the end of the seventh century it had a very different aspect.

"There is in Britain a fen of immense size, which begins from the river Granta, not far from the city which is named Grantchester.* There are immense marshes, now a black pool of water, now foul running streams, and also many islands, and reeds, and hillocks, and thickets, and with manifold windings

* A village about a mile from Cambridge.

wide and long it continues up to the North Sea. When the aforesaid man, Guthlac of blessed memory, found out this uncultivated spot of the wild wilderness, he was comforted with divine support, and journeyed forthwith by the straightest way thither. And when he came there, he inquired of the inhabitants of the land where he might find himself a dwelling-place in the wilderness. Whereupon they told him many things about the vastness of the wilderness. There was a man named Tatwine, who said that he knew an island especially obscure, which oft-times many men had attempted to inhabit, but no man could do it on account of manifold horrors and fears, and the loneliness of the wide wilderness; so that no man could endure it, but every one on this account had fled from it. When the holy man Guthlac heard these words, he bid* him straightway shew him the place, and he did so; he embarked in a vessel, and they went both through the wild fens till they came to the spot which is called Crowland;† this land was in such wise (as he said) situated in the midst of the waste of the aforesaid fen, very obscure, and very few men knew of it except the one who shewed it to him; as no man ever could inhabit it before the holy man Guthlac came thither, on account of the dwelling of the accursed spirits there. And the blessed man Guthlac disregarded the temptation of the accursed spirits, and was strengthened with heavenly support, so that he began to dwell alone among the fenny thickets of the wide wilderness. It fell out, by divine providence, that he came to the island on the day of St. Bartholomew the apostle; for he sought in all things his support."

He returns to Repton for ninety nights, and then finally leaves the place to do battle with the fiends of Crowland fen.

"Then straightway, that he might arm himself against the attacks of the wicked spirits with spiritual weapons, he took the shield of the Holy Spirit, faith; and clothed himself in the armour of heavenly hope; and put on his head the helmet of chaste thoughts; and with the arrows of holy psalmody he ever continually shot and fought against the accursed spirits."

The saint is, however, grievously assailed in his retirement by demons, who come to him in swarms, of foul and hideous shape:

"They were in countenance horrible, and they had great heads, and a long neck, and lean visage; they were filthy and squalid in their beards; and they had rough ears, and distorted face, and fierce eyes, and foul mouths; and their teeth were like horses' tusks; and their throats were filled with flame, and they were grating in their voice; they had crooked shanks, and knees big and great behind, and distorted toes, and shrieked hoarsely with their voices; and they came with such immoderate noises and immense horror, that it seemed to him that all between heaven and earth resounded with their dreadful cries."

At length one Beccel, a priest,‡ comes to reside with St. Guthlac. The saint is himself ordained priest by Bishop Hædda, who pays him a visit in company with a learned man named Wigfrith. The narrative which follows is chiefly occupied by an account of the miracles wrought by the saint, and of the persons eminent for sanctity who visited him. Fifteen years are spent in this manner, when St. Guthlac is suddenly attacked with illness, and on the eighth day expires. The account of his death, and his last commands and advice to his companion Beccel, are affecting from their beautiful simplicity, and from the earnest faith which they exhibit. Two passages are deserving of especial notice. St. Guthlac sings mass, and offers up "the precious sacrifice of Christ's blood" (p. 83); and just before his death (which takes place in the church, as it appears), "he stretched out his hands to the altar, and strengthened himself with the heavenly food, Christ's body and blood."§

The concluding chapters of this little work contain the details of miracles performed at the tomb of the saint, the translation of the relics, and the discovery of the body at the end of a year perfectly fresh and flexible. His character is thus beautifully summed up:

* This should rather be, he bade him, *bæd* being the imperfect tense.

† In Anglo-Saxon, *Crowland*.

‡ In Anglo-Saxon, *preost*. We doubt whether this is rightly translated *priest*, in the present acceptation of the term. It is quite clear that Beccel was only in minor orders; for St. Guthlac himself says mass, and, what is very remarkable, administers the viaticum to himself just before death, though Beccel was present (p. 89). The fact is, as Dr. Lingard has shewn in his *Anglo-Saxon Church*, that *preost* was any one in minor orders; the *priest* in our sense was always *mass-preost* (mass-priest), a term which occurs in p. 58.

§ See this subject fully discussed in Dr. Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii. note B, p. 452.

"The blessed man Guthlac was a chosen man in divine deeds, and a treasure of all wisdom; and he was steadfast in his duties, as also he was earnestly intent on Christ's service, so that never was aught else in his mouth but Christ's praise, nor in his heart but virtue, nor in his mind but peace and love and pity; nor did any man ever see him angry nor slothful to Christ's service; but one might ever perceive in his countenance love and peace; and evermore sweetness was in his temper, and wisdom in his breast, and there was so much cheerfulness in him, that he always appeared alike to acquaintances and to strangers."

The last sentence speaks highly for the devotional mind of the writer:

"Be praise and glory and honour to our Lord, and to the blessed man Guthlac, world of all worlds, without end to eternity. Amen."

Short Notices.

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1848.

WE confess to a certain sort of lingering liking for this most venerable of magazines. It is almost a pleasure to con over its pages, and wander back in its company a century or so, and breathe, if only for change of air, the intellectual atmosphere of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Apart from this mere antiquarian taste, however, the "Gentleman's" has a really valuable feature in its steadily-preserved obituary of all remarkable people; nor do we know any other periodical which can rival its claims in this point. In other matters the present is an average number, with as much solid stuff in it as many of its more flashy and sparkling rivals. With its theology we will not meddle, nor is it worth meddling with. It is of the old jog-trot respectable Church-of-England stamp, which still survives here and there in country places. The paper on the "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century" is curious and interesting; the "Hour with Athenæus" is a fair piece of classical gossip; and the "Wife mourned by Two Husbands" is decidedly marvellous.

The Dublin Review, April 1848.

A GOOD No. both in subjects and treatment. The first article gives a graceful picture of the details and exquisite beauties of the offices of Holy Week as celebrated by the Church. The second is the first portion of a notice of one of the most valuable philosophico-religious books of modern times, which we hope to see continued with an analysis of all the chief points brought forward and argued by Balmes himself. The third gives a sketch of the Life of Dr. Madden, and of his book on the Penal Laws. The fourth shews up Mr. Vicary's flippant absurdities about Rome in 1846. Then follow shorter papers on the Irish Fisheries and Mrs. Percy, and a very amusing dissection of Dr. Hook's and Mr. Eden's Theological Dictionaries; and the No. is completed with two learned historical and antiquarian articles on Apocryphal English History, and the Annals of the Four Masters, a notice of *Ruxton's* Adventures in Mexico, in which the printer has very pertinaciously turned the author's name into *Buxton* throughout, and another of "Loss and Gain."

The Christian Remembrancer, April 1848.

A VERY elaborate and theological No., somewhat dull to the general reader, and which we cannot pretend to criticise from beginning to end. The review of "Jane Eyre" is not bad; but while it shews the utter trash of the religious principles, so to call them, of that very clever and objectionable novel, it fails to point out the inherent, radical coarseness of feeling which pervades the story, and makes it, to our tastes, one of the most offensive books we ever read.

Dolman's Magazine.

THE best paper here is the picture of the last French Revolution by an eye-witness, who tells some interesting incidents. There is also a very striking thought embodied in the little article on Modern Hagiology.

The Anima Divola. Translated from the Italian of the Very Reverend J. B. Pagani. London, Richardson.

A NEW and good translation of a very remarkable and original book, which has had a great success in Italy, and is already popular in England through a previous version. The frontispiece is, however, most unfortunate. We particularly recommend the angels, who are (apparently) battering the pavement with their censers, together with their wings, to the attention of the curious in such matters.

Alma Mater: a Satire. Dedicated to the Collegiate Dignitaries on the Banks of the Cam. London, Richardson.

THERE seems to be a running fire now kept up against the University of Cambridge. This is a short satire in verse, on some of her more flagrant defects, by one who knows her well, and venerates much that she possesses. Its thirty-two stanzas tell a few plain truths.

Fine Arts.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

*Prof. Leslie's Lectures on Painting, for the Session 1848.**

THE fact that an age of silver, if not of gold, has succeeded, under the auspices of Professors Cockerell and Leslie, to the late iron, or rather leaden, dictatorship of Messrs. Wilkins and Howard, in the departments of architecture and painting in the Royal Academy, must no doubt be regarded as of no slight importance in determining the probable character and tendency of the studies of those neophytes who are now seeking for induction into the arcana of Art, under Academical Nestorship; and our readers will not, we trust, consider that we are frivolously occupying their attention, or our own, in endeavouring to examine and define the nature of that influence which the able and eminently conscientious labours of Mr. Leslie will most probably exert over the minds of the rising generation of students, and at the same time over the floating opinions on the subject of "high art" current among the great mass of the public. For it is a question worthy of most earnest consideration just now, whether it is not of even more importance that teachers and professors of the fine arts should cultivate (by the correction of all vicious theories, and the substitution for them of pure and correct ideas,) the natural tendency every earnest and educated mind must exhibit to identify the "beautiful" with itself, developed either physically through the acquisition and enjoyment of works of architecture, painting, or sculpture, or mentally, through a keen sensibility to, and warm sympathy with, all expression, poetic or prosaic, depicting the nature and variations of emotion and imagination, than that they should bend all their energies to the education of the *profession only*.

We have dwelt with particular emphasis on this two-fold influence the instructions of an art-professor should exert, as a critical analysis of Mr. Leslie's most interesting lectures leads us to the conclusion that he has fulfilled in them a very fair share of his duty to the student, while the second and yet more noble office of high priest in the temple of art, and expounder of that goddess's mysteries to the world at large, is not yet fitly occupied—"Her praise be hymned by loftier harps than his."

It becomes an extremely painful task for the critic to point out where and in what way an author has "marred the lofty line" he might have penned, when that author exhibits throughout his writings that sincere modesty which true genius wears most gracefully—that kindly, warm, and earnest sympathy at once with his subject and his auditor, which has characterised all expressions of opinion that have ever effected grave results in the history of mind—and that deep and profound acquaintance with the conditions and details of his art, both practical and theoretical, which can alone be obtained by a life devoted most sedulously, most ably, and most successfully, to her study and cultivation. The public must ever remain grateful to Mr. Leslie for what he has done; but that feeling of gratitude, excited by their having received "half a loaf" instead of the "no bread" to which they have been so long accustomed, need not blind them to the fact, that it may yet be possible, when an improvement in their own education in matters of art has raised the standard of knowledge and capacity necessary in the person of a "professor of the science of painting," in its most lofty sense, to obtain a still larger share of that sound and invigorating theory, which may raise "our school" from the littlenesses of *genre*, and the pretty execution of ill-selected "bits" and "studies," to the proper and "large" style of more "monumental painting."

We cannot help confessing that our sensations on finishing Mr. Leslie's last lecture were those of unfeigned regret and melancholy, his system of theory being entirely "subjective," that is, referring all intrinsic value in the work produced to the talent of the author, rather than to the nature of the *idea* depicted, his "beaux-ideals" being, though nominally Raffaele and Michael Angelo, yet virtually Rubens, Terburgh, de Hooghe, and Hogarth. Our preconceived ideas on

* Published in Nos. 1060, 1061, 1062, and 1063 of the *Athenæum* Journal.

the subject having been, that the "mission of the artist" in the abstract should be that of a realiser of the grandest conceptions; a teacher of religion, morality, history, and biography; a refiner, through his power of excluding the slightest taints of grossness and materiality from his representations of the most "unadorned nature;" we were really grieved to find "the painters of dirt" extolled, our heroes Francia and Orcagna trailed in the dust at the chariot-wheels of the "grossier" though brilliant Paulo Veronese, and the yet coarser and yet more brilliant Peter Paul Rubens, and that the great first condition, without which the noblest imagination ranks as pictorially nothing, is, that the work produced must be "*pleasing*" to the eye. To receive an impression that the general sentiment of the professor leant rather to the sensual than the ideal, was doubly painful, because any intention to convey such a sensation was so frequently expressly disclaimed, in passages of great truth and beauty; while we much doubt whether any unprejudiced examiner will rise from the perusal of these lectures without experiencing, in a greater or less degree, this sensation of disappointment. The impression produced is something like that which we feel when, having been delighted with some strange optical delusion, we are taken upon the stage to inspect the mysteries of those wonderful contrivances that had excited our enthusiastic admiration from a distance; it is like finding that Elysium may be constructed by a carpenter, and decorated by a scene-painter. Surely pure and lofty thoughts are the noblest qualities in art, and the power to express them but secondary; the servant cannot be greater than the master: and however forcibly practical inquiries lead us to the fact that painters, ay and great painters too, ancient and modern, have, and do occasionally "get up" half-a-dozen model studies, and then wait till they can find a subject that will suit them; do sometimes take their apostles from the lowest of the low, and are unable to finish their pictures because they cannot get individual models which are considered to be proper to particular subjects; let us cling to the fond delusion, and believe that admirers may yet be found for some few painters, such as Giotto, Orcagna, Francia, and our own Barry, to whose merits, we must confess, we think Mr. Leslie far too insensible.

Lest in saying all this we should have conveyed too disparaging a sense of the value of these lectures, let us now, leaning to the more hopeful side, cull one or two of the professor's flowers of grace and fancy, and of those sentiments where true artistic perception of natural beauty are blended with deep study and science, to produce a delightful bouquet of pleasant thoughts.

In his first lecture, Mr. Leslie devotes his attention to the "education of the artist;" and though his instructions do not quite stand a comparison with those of either Reynolds or Fuseli, still they contain much that must be most valuable to the young painter. His definition of taste (which, by the way, he recommends as the artist's sheet-anchor) is as elegant and enthusiastic as it is true. Would that all were in the same strain!

"By taste (he says), in its most perfect condition, I understand, not the mere relish of beauty and of truth, but *true judgment*; the power that estimates all things belonging to art relatively as well as singly. It has also as much to do with the heart as with the head,—for material beauty will never be fully known but to him who knows also what is moral beauty. Imagination may be considered as the active power of genius—taste as the controlling and directing power. It is the *temperance* which Shakspeare recommended to the actors in their bursts of passion; but, as he also told them, it is not *tameness*,—neither is it mere fastidiousness, much less timidity. It will dare all things for a great end, but it never seeks *merely* to astonish; nor is it ever presumptuous. It is not exclusive; it objects not to ugliness or deformity, but it assigns to them their proper places. It excludes only falsehood; and this it detects as readily under the most magnificent disguises as when it affects the most childlike simplicity. It would be easy to expatiate on the attributes of taste until you would tell me I had proved that no man had ever possessed it, which is indeed true of taste in the abstract; for in the most perfect human works there exist flaws from the want of it, and which are, no doubt, always traceable to partial cultivation and the accidents of local position and evil associations. And if taste be the proper director of the imagination, it is also modified in its turn, in every individual, by the particular cast of the latter."

In this lecture it is that Mr. Leslie moots and discusses the much-debated eclectic question, whether it would be well for the perfection of art, could the colouring of Rubens be superadded to the qualities possessed by artists of a much severer school of drawing and design, such as Raffaello, &c. The subject would be far too long to debate in a nutshell, since it is one that continued hammering upon has beaten out, until it would require a whole volume to do it any justice. The author's remarks on the influence of contemporary art on the minds of the younger students are most excellent.

"The minds of students are much more impressed, in the commencement of their studies, by the production of their cotemporaries than by the works of the old masters, and these early impressions are never wholly eradicated through the longest life. There may be seeming exceptions to this, but I believe there are very few real ones. That contemporary art is the first to impress us may be advantageous or otherwise according to circumstances. Its advantages need not be dwelt upon, as such influence stands in no need of recommendation; but it may be useful to point out some of the dangers of, what is certainly a habit with our students, resorting to our annual exhibition as a school. In an assemblage of the accidental productions of a year, and with which it is necessary to cover every inch of our walls, there must of necessity be a great preponderance of the indifferent, and even much of what is positively bad; and inexperienced eyes cannot dwell often and long on this without injury. The student is apt to thank his stars that he can do better than much that he sees, and contents himself with respectable mediocrity; and the more so as it is found that mediocrity, managed with ordinary tact, may secure patronage and even fortune, while unworldly genius is often neglected. There are no topics more frequently dwelt on by writers and talkers than the faults of the age, and yet nothing is so difficult to understand. But to the student it is of the last importance that he should see clearly what are the besetting sins of the school to which he belongs. These, it is very true, are to be seen in their fullest luxuriance in our annual exhibitions; but there is danger to the student, if he resort frequently to them for instruction, that he may become hopelessly blind to the mannerism of the day.

"In conclusion, therefore, the best advice I can offer to my younger auditors is, to look to the old masters in order to discover the faults of the living painters, and to every style to discover the faults of every other style; and, above all, to look to Nature for the instruction that Art cannot give."

The second lecture is devoted to invention and expression; and though containing some true and clever passages, it seems on the whole the feeblest of the series. The remarks on the "natural" and "supernatural" are very good. *Appropos* to these subjects, Mr. Leslie observes that

"The importance of the constant observation of Nature to the painter of real life will be readily admitted, but such habits are of no less value to the painter of the most imaginative class of subjects. The *supernatural* is not the *unnatural*. The centaur, the sphynx, the satyr, &c. are but combinations of Nature, and there is true taste shewn in making these ideal beings act naturally; as when, in a group of the Phygalian Marbles, a centaur bites his antagonist, and when Shakspeare makes Bottom the weaver long for hay and oats when the ass's head is on his shoulders. Indeed, two of the most exquisitely poetic conceptions of Shakspeare, the Oberon and Titania, when we look beyond the charm of their language, are the veriest man and wife that ever existed; and are the better for it."

Form and composition follow in the third discourse; and these points, being much more practical in character, receive a more able treatment at the professor's hands. In much that he says of the antique we cordially concur; but we cannot help thinking that a profound study of the purest Grecian models would lead the student to any thing rather than such a toleration of ugliness as Mr. Leslie would, for the sake of contrasts and character, insinuate as pardonable in art. What a beautiful example does Leonardo set us in this respect, though perhaps no studies that ever were made exhibit a greater command of expression than his caricature *sketches*; while he has not allowed, so far as we are aware, a single fragment of deformity, or even of degrading sentiment, to enter into any one of his *finished pictures*, to mar the almost unearthly beauty and heavenly repose of most of his compositions. All

that is practical in Mr. Leslie's lectures is excellent. His remarks on nature, on drapery, on action, on the treatment of line, and on perspective, are extremely good; his ideas on the subject of colour and *chiar' oscuro* are perhaps the most free from any possible objection; and there is scarcely a passage in the fourth lecture that is not worthy of being received with the most reverent attention: in short, it is to our taste by far the most valuable of the series, and perhaps contains more tangible and sound information than any discourse that has yet been delivered in the lecture-room of the Academy, excepting always the time-honoured revelations of the great Sir Joshua. It is so complete in all its connexion and parts, that though gems might be extracted of great beauty, still it would sadly "spoil each separate charm to pare;" and we trust that this assurance may lead some few to regale themselves upon these intellectual delicacies, prepared by Mr. Leslie and served up by the *Athenæum*, upon which we have ourselves feasted with the most enthusiastic *gusto*.

In conclusion, it remains for us only to congratulate Mr. Leslie upon this produce of his precious labours, the Academy upon the acquisition of a most conscientious and practical professor, and the public upon the probability that the results of his teaching will not be thrown away, but will by and by redound infinitely to their benefit and delectation.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

AFTER the somewhat heroic motto on the catalogue of this society, one is taken a little by surprise on entering the rooms which contain the exhibition of pictures just opened. "*Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera*," say the self-sufficing artists of Suffolk Street. Their opponents will say that they have had little more help from themselves and from the inspiration of genius, than from the Royal Academy itself. In short, we do not see any *earthly* reason why four-fifths of these paintings should ever have been displayed to the public, whatever may be the painters' expectations from "*le ciel*;" and we believe it would be a happy day for English art, could the three exhibitions of Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, and Trafalgar Square be weeded of all the rubbish they now obtrude upon the world, and one tolerable annual gallery be composed of the remainder.

It is of no use to talk about the abuses of academies and conservatories of art, while an unmistakable mediocrity characterises every thing, or almost every thing, that comes forth from those who, either willingly or unwillingly, are unconnected with the favoured school. We have ourselves no special love for the English Academy of Arts, and we have a very great reverence for genius, learning, skill, and toil, wherever we see them existing, and, aided by themselves and heaven alone, attaining to something like excellence. But yet we cannot help seeing that genius in this country has a marvellous *penchant* for seeing the cabalistic letters R.A. tacked to the names of those with whom she loves to dwell; and that for some hidden reason or other, there is little painting or sculpture worth seeing which does not find its way to the monster exhibition in Trafalgar Square. That exhibition, it is true, is generally bad enough, but, with the exception of the Water-colour, most other galleries of new pictures are unquestionably worse; and therefore, in spite of all the paper theories that ever were written against the principles of academies of art, in practice it avails nothing to contend against the stream; and in such circumstances the wise man will generally make the best use of the institutions he finds ready existing to his hands.

With every disposition to be pleased with the Suffolk-Street paintings, it is impossible to say that this year's exhibition contains more than a very moderate number of tolerable pictures, and a very few good ones. The majority are below mediocrity, many are positively bad, and some are literally infamous. Indeed, we can hardly conceive how men with eyes, and with a respectable degree of artistic knowledge and common sense, like the members of the Society, should ever allow such

enormities to find a place on their walls. However, the offence is old enough and common enough even in their proudest rivals, and so it stands, like a thousand other venerable absurdities.

We shall take a glance to-day round the Large Room, reserving for next week the smaller apartments and the receptacle of the Society's triumphs in water-colour. In almost every work on the walls appears the one weak point of the exhibitors—they want *knowledge and study*. When they mean well, they do not know how to accomplish their aims, and are deficient in some of the commonest methods and even tricks of the art. If they are less servile imitators of a few great names than others of their competitors, they have little that is truly original to offer in apology for their want of skill. If they are not slavish followers of some particular school, it is generally because they belong to no school at all, and least of all the school of pure and living nature. Notwithstanding the presence of a few very pleasing exceptions, there is a certain schoolboyishness, hesitation of purpose, feebleness of conception, and slovenliness of execution, but too prominent in the works that crowd these overloaded walls.

The pictures of Mr. Hurlstone, the Society's President, clever as they are, are a striking example of deficiency in some few of the most important points in an artist's knowledge and power. Genius he has, and a certain breadth, vigour, and truth of handling; but portions of his pictures are as bad as the remainder is good; and though he has now painted for many years, he still paints like a young artist. His "*Roman Mendicant*" (No. 161) is just one of those works that are almost good paintings. The child is well conceived, and a true Italian beggar's child, with its heart in its countenance. The old man, also, is fairly good and impressive; but what shall we make of the dog, and the background, and the way the parts are put together, and the aerial perspective, and all that is necessary to convert a clever, well-studied sketch into a *picture*? His "*Mazeppa*" is a production of the same kind. You see at once that the painter is a man of thought, feeling, and originality. He means something when he takes up his brush and palette; but he fails in the embodiment of his idea and the technical finish. The very shadow of the fragments of rope about his arm looks, at first sight, like a purple bruise, though, on examination, it is plainly meant for nothing of the kind.

Mr. Pyne is another great supporter of the Society's exhibitions. He errs in another way, and we must say in a more objectionable spirit. Mr. Hurlstone paints like himself; but Mr. Pyne paints like Turner. Standing in the middle of any of the rooms, the eye catches at once all Mr. Pyne's productions, and the beholder wonders whether the artist is aware that there are other tints in nature besides a staring white, a peculiar kind of sky-blue, and brick-dusty orange. It is really provoking to see so clever a painter smitten with Turnerism to such an extent. Were his pictures ever so good, they would be ridiculous as mere imitations of the wildest of modern men of genius. In his "*Pallanza, Lago Maggiore*," Mr. Pyne shews with how acute an eye he can note the charms of nature herself, both in her details and her broadest effects of light and splendour, if only he would worship her in place of the present object of his adoration.

Mr. Tennant furnishes some of the most successful pictures in the gallery. His "*English River-scene*" is a very pleasing work, and gives the very spirit itself of many of the most charming inland spots of England. Mr. Tennant also condescends to *paint*, a peculiarity in which some few of his *confrères* would do well to imitate him. He has another scene "*on the Wye*" in the same room. The landscapes generally are by far the best things in the exhibition. Mr. Willis's "*Scene in a Meadow*" would have been the better for a little more care and delicacy of treatment; but it is a good, airy-looking landscape. Mr. Boddington's "*Sunday Morning, Shiplake Church*," is a very elaborately made out wood-scene, yet not hard or stiff, the characters of the various forms of branch and foliage being all rendered "*after nature*," with the hand of one who has studied both nature and the mechanism of art. It only wants

a little more soberness of hue, and a less general greenness of tint.

But for unmitigated green we must turn to Mr. Anthony's "Hay-cart—Showery Weather." The clouds must surely have rained a stream of verdure on the unfortunate earth the day this picture was painted. It is enough to make one protest for the rest of one's life that green is a colour that fatigues the eye. "Salmon-Trap and Old Water-mill," by J. Wilson, jun., is not without merit in its separate parts; but they are all tumbled together without aerial perspective or a thought of "composition." The "Dutch Milk-boat," by Mr. Montague, is another of the natural and clever landscapes which are the redeeming features among so many failures. Mr. Boddington's "Shades of Evening" is also a clever work, though somewhat hard, and too painfully made out; the parting glow, especially in its colour, is true and poetic, and without exaggeration. Other well-studied and well-painted landscapes are Mr. Allen's "Water-Mill," Mr. Shayer's "Bye-Lane in the New Forest," and Mr. Montague's "Dort, from the Ferry." Mr. Clint's sunsets aim at reality, but are exaggerated, though clever. "Market Morning," by Mr. Childe, reminds one of the books we see in the shop-windows, professing to teach "French without a Master," "German without a Master," and so forth. This picture must have been the result of some work entitled "Painting without a Master."

When from the landscapes we turn to the figure-pieces, whether of high art or low art, the contrast is sad. From Count D'Orsay upwards, most of the artists have succeeded in producing a series of abominations and absurdities. The Count's picture of our Saviour must have been *transferred*, as they say, from a tea-board. Then we have Mr. Prentis, and one of his intensely domestic and affectionate pictures, "Love in a Village," painted expressly for villagers and respectable old ladies and gentlemen, in the English-Chinese-Dutch style of art. Mr. T. Landseer, in his "National Defence," has hit upon a most absurd subject, fit only for Leech in *Punch*, and has succeeded accordingly.

In "Preparing for May-day," by Mr. Gill, the child is a happy little thought, happily rendered, and the rest of the group are pleasing, though the figures are not well put together; and they are all *flush* with one another, as the carpenters say. Mr. Baxter's likeness of Miss Topham is a fair portrait; as is Mr. Fisher's head of Mr. Watkins. Mr. Woolmer has made his rocks and ground in the "Lake of Pergusa" look *damp* enough, as was right, and so far so good; but it is a mortal dampness, and not such as Ovid dreamed of; and the bright flowers and tints are *outré* and out of harmony with the rest of the colouring. "The Streets of London," by Mr. Holmes, is Hogarthian, but certainly not by Hogarth: it is ambitious, but not pleasing or really expressive. Mr. Hill's "Shepherd Boy" is absolutely awful, and one of the very worst pieces of damaged canvass we ever saw. It is as bad as Mr. Doo's "Scripture Piece" (No. 110) and Mr. Holmes's "Favourite Spaniel." "The Monk finding Edward the Third" is poor, thin, and cold, with all its rainbow tints; Mr. Salter's "Trial of Socrates" is a most unfortunate libel upon the Athenian countenance, figure, dress, and character; and Mr. Zeitter has thrown his subject into a very successful mess of colouring in the "Doubtful Guide."

But what shall we say of Mr. Anthony's "Village-Green?" It is an audacious picture, and a libel upon nature and art, both for colouring, drawing, and handling; and yet it has touches of humour, hints of character, and gleams of the light of a bright summer's day. "Sir Guyon and the Palmer," by Mr. Huggins, is ambitious, but not attractive, nor does it suggest any "Bower of Blisse" that we can conceive of. Mr. Hill, in the backgrounds of his "Shepherd Boy" and "Welsh Rustics," has achieved a successful representation of the colours smeared over his palette after long use; which is the more to be lamented, as the figures are characteristic and spirited. The "Merrymaking," from Mr. Clater's pencil, has many pretty and lively figures, but the attitudes are monotonous, and the whole reminds one too forcibly of something between Wilkie and Maclise. The "Prodigal's Return," by Mr. Stewart,

is not successful. Mr. Desanges, in the "Sacrifice of Elijah," has given us plenty of fire, and a grand conglomeration of figures, among whom Elijah appears to be in imminent peril of being the first involved in the conflagration. Mr. Mackay, in "For of such is the kingdom of heaven," has mistaken the lackadaisical for the scriptural; and Mr. Latilla, in "The Victim of Sin and Death," has confounded the gross and indelicate with the moral and instructive. His picture is a very comical and very coarsely told allegory. His figures, like that of "Musidora," by Mr. Clater, would have been better for a little more drapery, as far as our taste goes. The nude is not always the indelicate, but it generally is so in the hands of painters of most days; and unquestionably there is no such immaculate purity of thought in the average race of modern artists, as to enable them to imbue the human form with such innate modesty, as may justify them in so freely dispensing with ordinary clothing. No *moral* end could possibly be answered by such allegories as "The Victim of Sin and Death," treated in such a spirit of repulsive indelicacy.

Ecclesiastical Register.

APPEAL OF THE CATHOLIC POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

THE Catholic Poor-School Committee have reason to anticipate that her Majesty's Ministers, in applying to the House of Commons for a vote of money for educational purposes during the current year, will no longer propose to exclude Catholics on account of their religion from the benefits of the grant; and they feel deeply anxious that the Catholics of Great Britain should exert their best endeavours to prepare to take advantage of the occasion, and to secure for their poorer brethren that share in the national bounty to which their numbers and necessities justly entitle them.

On a moderate computation, one fifteenth part of the population of Great Britain may be stated to belong to the Catholic Church. Recent circumstances, demonstrating with a daily increasing force the frightful want of a sound training in the labouring classes, forbid the supposition that Ministers will seek in 1848 a smaller vote for Education than they obtained in 1847. Rumour increases the amount, and alleges, with every appearance of truth, that in the present year the Premier will ask for a vote of 150,000*l.* for the encouragement of educational efforts. Of this sum, then, Catholics may fairly look to obtain one fifteenth part, namely 10,000*l.*, towards building and supporting schools.

But the amount obtained will depend upon private efforts. The Parliamentary grant is applied to encourage and stimulate local exertions, but not to supersede them; and upon this principle the aid rendered to schools by the Committee of Privy Council rarely, if ever, exceeds one third of the whole sum required to be expended. Thus to secure their fair share in this year's grant, or 10,000*l.*, it will be necessary for Catholics to raise 20,000*l.* to meet it, from private resources.

Nor need the sum named appear extravagantly large. Divided amongst our numbers, it is really very small. There are at least 1,000,000 Catholics in this island. If every one of them would contribute a single shilling towards obtaining for this and future generations the priceless benefits of a sound education, more than double the amount of 20,000*l.* would at once be collected. Is it too much to expect that a body which, if it number the poorest, numbers also amongst its members so much of rank and wealth, and, above all, so much of ardent charity and zeal for religion, as the Catholic Church in England, should without difficulty raise the funds required to secure a fair proportion of the national grant? The Committee feel confidence in Catholic charity. They feel assured that more than has been named will be done; that the preponderance of poor in the Catholic communion, and previous exclusion from the rights of British citizens, as well as considerations arising from the present state of some schools, will act so forcibly upon the hearts of the charitable, as to produce a fund large enough to enable them to ask the Committee of Privy Council not barely for a just proportion of the grant for 1848, but for a sum of money proportionate to existing wants, and compensatory of previous wrongs.

It is by no means necessary that the whole of the sum raised, be it 20,000*l.* or 50,000*l.*, should pass through the hands of the Catholic Poor-School Committee. The Committee desire nothing less than to interfere with local charities. They will rejoice, in places where schools are needed, to find the requisite funds subscribed and employed directly by the inhabitants.

But it is absolutely necessary that a very considerable sum of money should be placed at the disposal of the Committee;

because, from the principle upon which the Parliamentary grant is administered, those missions which are the most populous at once and the most destitute will be entirely cut off from all hope of procuring grants from the Privy Council, unless the Committee are placed in a position to come to their support, and, by pecuniary contributions, to enable them to fulfil the Government conditions, which, without such assistance, it will be quite impossible for them to meet.

The grounds of the Committee's appeal are already before the public. The number of Catholic children now destitute of means of education is no less than 40,000; and this number is daily augmented by conversions to the Faith, by immigration from Ireland, and by the ordinary increase in the population. To these facts must be added, that the education given in some existing schools is capable of extension; that in many cases the apparatus employed is very inadequate; that vocal music needs to be attended to more generally; that improved school-books are required; that sacred pictures and images must be introduced; and that all improvements will be incomplete without the establishment of normal schools for masters and mistresses, qualified for their arduous duties by a regular course of systematic instruction, and fortified in their performance by approved discipline and religious vows. To all these matters the Committee feel the utmost desire to turn their immediate attention; and they now ask for means to carry their designs into effect.

The Committee would respectfully but urgently repeat, that no time must be lost; that plans should be prepared, efforts exerted, subscription lists filled, freehold sites bought, and cases for assistance drawn up now. The Parliamentary grant goes to the earliest claimants, and is absorbed within the first five or six months of the financial year. Let Catholics be on the alert; and, while promoting educational efforts in the neighbourhoods where they reside, let them bear in mind those poorer localities which are dependent on the resources placed at the disposal of the Committee, and those numerous designs which the Committee have in contemplation, and partly in hand, for the general benefit of Catholic Schools.

Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by any member of Committee and by the Secretary; or they may be paid into the London Joint-Stock Bank, to the credit of the Catholic Poor-School Fund.

In furtherance of this most important object, a public meeting of London Catholics was held last Tuesday in Great Windmill Street, Dr. Wiseman in the chair, which we trust will be the beginning of a zealous, extensive, and lasting effort on the part of the London Catholics for rescuing their thousands of poor children from their present ignorance. Especially we would venture to urge the paramount importance of enabling the Committee to carry out their plans for establishing a Normal School for teachers. We have been too forgetful hitherto, that before any thing can be taught, competent persons must be thoroughly prepared to teach.

MIXED SCHOOLS CONDUCTED BY MISTRESSES.

In the immediate expectation of being admitted to the benefits of the Parliamentary grant for Education, the promoters of Catholic schools naturally experience many doubts as to the extent and bearing of those benefits. One question, which has been raised in several quarters, refers to Mixed Schools, *i.e.* schools of boys and girls together under female teachers, as to how far such schools might look for assistance from the Committee of Council on Education. We believe that the following information upon this point may be considered authentic. The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education do not object to grant aid to Mixed Schools conducted by competent females, if such schools be otherwise admissible to their grants; but their Lordships' grants to these schools have limitations that are not applicable to other schools. These limitations on annual assistance to Mixed Schools conducted by females arise from the fact that boys are not allowed to be apprenticed to females, and that girls would not be permitted to be apprenticed to a female in charge of a Mixed School, unless she had higher qualifications both as to attainments, skill, and energy than the Mistresses of girls' schools usually possess. Their Lordships would expect that the Mistress of a Mixed School should be examined and obtain a certificate before she was allowed to receive any apprentices.

It is needless to point out how useful the Catholic Poor-School Committee will prove to the Catholics of Great Britain generally in eliciting from Government information upon questions such as that which we have now answered.

Documents.

REPLY OF M. LAMARTINE TO THE IRISH DELEGATES.

CITIZENS OF IRELAND.—If we required a fresh proof of the pacific influence of the proclamation of the great demo-

cratic principle—this new Christianity, bursting forth at the opportune moment, and dividing the world, as formerly, into a Pagan and a Christian community—we should assuredly discern this proof of the omnipotent action of an idea in the visits spontaneously paid in this city to republican France and the principles which animate her, by the nations, or by sections of the nations, of Europe.

We are not astonished to see to-day a deputation from Ireland. Ireland knows how deeply her destinies, her sufferings, and her successive advances in the path of religious liberty, of unity, and of constitutional equality with the other parts of the United Kingdom, have at all times moved the heart of Europe. We said as much, a few days ago, to another deputation of your fellow-citizens. We said as much to all the children of that glorious isle of Erin, which the natural genius of its inhabitants and the striking events of its history render equally symbolical of the poetry and the heroism of the nations of the north. Rest assured, therefore, that you will find in France, under the Republic, a response to all the sentiments which you express towards it.

Tell your fellow-citizens, that the name of Ireland is synonymous with the name of liberty courageously defended against privilege—that it is one common name to every French citizen! Tell them, that this reciprocity which they invoke,—that this hospitality of which they are not oblivious,—the Republic will be proud to remember, and to practise invariably towards the Irish. Tell them, above all, that the French Republic is not, and never will be, an aristocratic Republic, in which liberty is merely abused as the mask of privilege; but a Republic embracing the entire community, and securing to all the same rights and the same benefits. As regards other encouragements, it would neither be expedient for us to hold them out, nor for you to receive them. I have already expressed the same opinion with reference to Germany, Belgium, and Italy; and I repeat, with reference to every nation which is involved in internal disputes, which is either divided against itself or at variance with its Government, where there is a difference of race—where nations are aliens in blood—intervention is not allowable. We belong to no party in Ireland or elsewhere, except to that which contends for justice, for liberty, and for the happiness of the Irish people; no other part would be acceptable to us, in a time of peace, in the interests and the passions of foreign nations. France is desirous of reserving herself free for the maintenance of the rights of all.

We are at peace, and we are desirous of remaining on good terms of equality, not with this or that part of Great Britain, but with Great Britain entire. We believe this peace to be useful and honourable, not only to Great Britain and the French Republic, but to the human race. We will not commit an act, we will not utter a word, we will not breathe an insinuation, at variance with the principles of the reciprocal inviolability of nations which we have proclaimed, and of which the continent of Europe is already gathering the fruits. The fallen monarchy had treaties and diplomatists. Our diplomatists are nations,—our treaties are sympathies! We should be insane were we openly to exchange such a diplomacy for unmeaning and partial alliances with even the most legitimate parties in the countries which surround us. We are not competent either to judge them or to prefer some of them to others; by announcing our partisanship of the one side we should declare ourselves the enemies of the other. We do not wish to be the enemies of any of your fellow-countrymen. We wish, on the contrary, by a faithful observance of the republican pledges, to remove the prejudices which may mutually exist between our neighbours and ourselves.

This course, however painful it may be, is imposed on us by the law of nations as well as by our historical remembrances. Do you know what it was which most served to irritate France and estrange her from England during the first Republic? It was the civil war in a portion of our territory, supported, subsidised, and assisted by Mr. Pitt. It was the encouragement and the arms given to Frenchmen, as heroic as yourselves, but Frenchmen fighting against their fellow-citizens. This was not honourable warfare. It was a Royalist propagandism waged with French blood against the Republic. This policy is not yet, in spite of all our efforts, entirely effaced from the memory of the nation. Well, this cause of dissension between Great Britain and us, we will never renew by taking any similar course. We accept with gratitude expressions of friendship from the different nationalities included in the British empire. We ardently wish that justice may found and strengthen the friendship of races; that equality may become more and more its basis; but while proclaiming with you, with her (England), and with all, the holy dogma of fraternity, we will perform only acts of brotherhood, in conformity with our principles and our feelings towards the Irish nation. (*"Vive la République!" "Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!" "Vive Lamartine!"*)

OUTLINE OF SOME OF THE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.

WE, Frederick William, &c.

1. In order further to develop the freedom of the press which has been granted to our people, the regulations contained in the 4th paragraph of the 1st section of the decree of the 17th of March of the present year, with respect to the security to be deposited by the publishers of new journals, are repealed.

2. The trial and punishment of political and state prisoners shall be conducted by the ordinary tribunals, and every exceptional law relating to such proceedings is repealed. In the district belonging to the Court of Appellation of Cologne, trial by jury for political offences and sedition will be restored.

3. For the security of the independence of the judges, all the former laws authorising their dismissal, deposition, or forced retirement, are repealed.

4. All Prussian subjects will possess the right of assembling, peacefully and unarmed, in any enclosed space, without the previous permission of the police authorities; they have also the right for all legal purposes to form societies, equally without the previous permission of the same authorities.

5. The exercise of all civil rights is henceforth independent of religious belief.

6. The future representatives of the people will, in every case, possess the power of consenting to all the laws, as well as to all matters relating to the taxation and revenue of the country.

Miscellaneous.

THE LONDON WEATHER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* gives the following statistics of the late extraordinary weather:

The extraordinary change which has recently taken place in the temperature induces me to communicate my observations. From the commencement of March up to the 28th the range of temperature in the shade, at the highest daily register, was between 42½° and 57°, as occurred on that day; and the coldest, registered by the night index, was from 33° to 47°, as it was on the night of the 28th. The sun heat, s.w. aspect, had not exceeded 75° during that period; but on the 29th the wind had shifted into the easterly quarter, where it has continued, varying a little from s. to n. of that point, and since then the temperature has assumed an extraordinary character. At a quarter-past 1 p.m. yesterday, April 1st, the longitudinal thermometer stood at 101°, and one laid flat upon a shelf above it stood at 113°. The heat so attenuated the mercury of the former, after I had taken those observations, that the fluid passed over and immersed the steel index, so that I could not ascertain the extreme degree of the sun's heat. The shade thermometer indexed at the time 68½°, and left the index at 73° as the highest. To-day has been another extraordinary one; the temperature of the sun, by the longitudinal thermometer, was at half-past 1 o'clock p.m. 97°, and the horizontal one indicated the terrific heat of 122° of Fahrenheit. From that time the heat gradually diminished, and at 3 o'clock stood—longitudinal, 94°; horizontal, 114°; and the highest in the shade to-day has been 73½°. From these records it will appear that the extreme difference in a month has been, from the coldest at night and the highest horizontal index in the sun, nearly 90°.

PRINCE METTERNICH AND THE ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

THE resignation of the Prince, his departure from Vienna, and subsequent journey, are thus described in the *Courier von und für Deutschland*:

Prince Metternich, who arrived on the morning of the 14th inst. at the station of the Gloggnitz Railway, under the escort of 50 Hussars, went by rail to Weimer Neustadt, and from that to Frohsdorf, where, apparently, he hoped to find a refuge. His expectations were not realised, however, and he then fled to Feldsperg, one of the seats of Prince Lichtenstein, on the frontiers of Moravia, and subsequently to his own property, Kopstein. The ex-Chancellor of State stuck to the last moment to his old system. As the deputation of citizens, on the evening of the 13th, arrived at the court, they passed through a suite of rooms into a spacious hall, where Archduke John received them. As the speaker of the deputation depicted the unfortunate state of affairs, and urged the necessity of a speedy decision on the part of the Government, Archduke John quieted them by saying, that the first measure would be the resignation of Prince Metternich. At these words Prince Metternich came out of the adjoining room, in which all the Archdukes and Ministers had assembled to deliberate, and leaving the door open, he said in a loud tone, "I will not resign, gentlemen. No, I will not resign." Archduke John upon this, without answering the Prince, repeated what he had said, and cried in an earnest tone, "As I

have already told you, Prince Metternich resigns." At these words the Prince exclaimed in a tone of great excitement, "What! is this the return I now get for my 50 years' services?" At these words all the men forming the family council broke out into a loud laugh, which seemed to annihilate the unfortunate statesman. It was a laugh rising directly from those democratic elements and moral power which he obstinately refused to acknowledge, and which he had coerced, and which had now thrown him from the height which he had attained. The generosity evinced by the people towards the hated Minister may be judged from the fact, that neither the palace of the State Chancery on the Ballplatz, where he resided, nor the new palace on the Rennweg, were destroyed. Not even a single window was broken in the Chancery, because it is the property of the State, nor in the palace on the Rennweg, because it had been built for the princess. The only place belonging to the ex-Chancellor which was attacked was the celebrated Metternich villa on the Rennweg, which was furnished with the splendour of a Lucullus, and in the park of which the celebrated diplomatic fête was given, and then only the doors and a few of the apartments were laid waste.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS.—

TO-MORROW, Passion Sunday, the SERMON at HIGH MASS, as also after COMPLINE, will be preached by the Rev. F. OAKELEY, who will likewise deliver Lectures every succeeding day during the week. Mornings at 9 o'clock, Evenings (except Saturday) at 7 o'clock.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established by Royal Charter, in the Reign of King George the First, A.D. 1720. 7 Royal Exchange, Cornhill; and 10 Regent Street.—The Governors and Directors of this Corporation give notice that all Life Assurance Policies on their series of 1846, opened with them prior to the 1st of January next, will participate in the appropriation of Profits to be made at the end of the year 1850, either by a bonus to be added to the Policy, a payment in cash, or a reduction of the Premium for the succeeding five years, or to the whole term of Life.

The Policy-holders under the series of 1831 are informed that the annual abatement of premium on Policies which have paid five years' premiums, will be on the 1st of January next, 28l. 3s. 4d. per cent, in addition to the permanent reduction made on the 1st of January 1846, equivalent to a bonus of more than three per cent per annum on all Policies but five years in existence.

Fire Insurance on every description of property at moderate rates, and Marine Insurance at the current premiums.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

MOURNING.—MR. PUGH, in returning his acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his *Maison de Deuil* is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

STOOPING of the SHOULDERS and CONTRAC-

TION of the CHEST are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth, and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER, which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To young persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident improvement in the Figure, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of Pulmonary Diseases; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest, and affords a great support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded per post, by Mr. ALFRED BINYON, sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 40 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London; or full particulars, with prices and mode of measurement, on receipt of a postage-stamp.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney, New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

Education of the Poor.

AT a MEETING of the CATHOLICS of the London District, held at 16 Great Windmill Street, on the 4th of April, 1848; The Right Rev. Dr. WISEMAN, *Pro V.A.*, in the Chair, the following Resolutions were proposed and carried unanimously:

I. Moved by the Right Rev. Dr. MORRIS, seconded by H. W. POWNALL, Esq.,

"That, the Bishops having entrusted to the Catholic Poor-School Committee the important and sacred duty of providing aid for the education of the poor, it is incumbent upon all who have the object at heart to co-operate to the utmost with that body in carrying it out as effectually as possible; and that as no place in England stands more in need of additional aid and efforts for promoting education among the poor than this Metropolis, in which it appears, from the authentic returns collected and presented by the Right Rev. Chairman, that there are at present many thousand children of both sexes wanting Catholic education, it behoves the Catholics of London, more than others, to exert themselves in this holy cause, and to organise as quickly as possible the most efficacious plans for collecting funds to be placed at the disposal of the Committee for the purpose."

II. Moved by the Honourable EDWARD PETRE, seconded by the Rev. J. MOORE,

"That, for the purpose of carrying the first resolution into effect, Lists of Donors and Annual Subscribers be opened in every Congregation throughout the district; and this meeting earnestly appeals to the Clergy of each Mission to co-operate with the Catholic Poor-School Committee, by nominating one or two collectors to prepare such lists, and taking any other steps which they consider calculated to increase the funds at the disposal of the Committee."

III. Moved by the Rev. J. O'NEAL, seconded by C. J. PAGLIANO, Esq.,

"That, since the efficiency of a school depends mainly upon the qualifications of its teachers, and therefore good schools can never be obtained without well-trained masters and mistresses, this meeting feels the paramount importance of establishing one or more Normal or Training Schools in populous neighbourhoods, and pledges itself to assist in raising a special fund for this purpose."

IV. Moved by the Hon. Mr. STAFFORD JERNINGHAM, seconded by the Rev. Mr. TALBOT,

"That the most cordial thanks of the Meeting be tendered to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wiseman, for the zealous and valuable support which his Lordship has ever afforded to the cause of education, and especially for the kindness and the ability with which he has presided on the present occasion."

At the conclusion of the Meeting there were announced the following Contributions to the Funds of the Catholic Poor-School Committee:

	Donations.	Subscriptions.
Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman	£50 0 0	£50 0 0
Rev. J. Bamber	"	2 0 0
Rev. T. Barge	"	1 0 0
Rev. T. Heptonstall	"	1 1 0
Rev. Mr. Jauch	0 2 6	"
Rev. Mr. Searle	"	1 0 0
A Catholic Female Servant, per Hon. E. Petre	0 2 6	"
Mr. Joseph Corr, bootmaker	"	1 0 0
E. C.	0 2 0	"
P. Eyston, Esq.	1 0 0	"
A Friend, per Rev. J. O. Neal	1 0 0	"
Mrs. Mary Guilday	0 1 0	0 1 0
Hon. Mr. Stafford Jerningham	1 0 0	"
Miss L.	0 10 0	"
Mrs. A. Little	0 2 6	0 5 0
Mrs. Mastaer	"	1 0 0
Philip Nind, Esq.	"	2 0 0
H. W. Pownall, Esq.	"	1 1 0
Miss Robinson	"	1 1 0
A. Robinson, Esq.	"	1 0 0
Mrs. Roscar	0 2 0	"
Miss M. Runtin	0 1 0	"
Mrs. Mary Skinner	0 2 0	0 4 0
Mr. William Skinner	0 1 6	"
Mrs. Nasmyth Stokes	"	1 0 0
P. Tucker, Esq.	5 0 0	5 0 0
Mr. F. Valentine	"	0 5 0
Mr. J. H. Wildsmith	"	0 10 6
Miss E. Wilson	0 2 0	"
Y. Z.	"	1 0 0

The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman stated to the Meeting, from authentic returns, that in the METROPOLIS ALONE there are UPWARDS OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND CATHOLIC CHILDREN WITHOUT MEANS OF EDUCATION. All who desire to co-operate in removing this enormous scandal are requested at once to communicate their names and the amount of their donations and subscriptions to the Secretary of the CATHOLIC POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE, Scott Nasmyth Stokes, Esq., 18 Nottingham Street, St. Mary-le-bone.

RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

To Messrs. A. ROWLAND and SONS, 20 Hatton Garden, London.

Linton, Cambridge, October 25th, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—A striking instance of the efficacy of your MACASSAR OIL in the Restoration of the Hair has just come under my notice. The person alluded to is a young man named Haylock, of Ashdon, near this place, whose entire head of hair came off by some unaccountable means. He purchased of me several different popular preparations, which he regularly and faithfully used, but without effecting the least apparent change. At last I advised him to try a bottle of your MACASSAR OIL; and, on Friday last, he communicated to me the pleasing intelligence of the reappearance of a thick head of hair. You can make what use you please of this, and refer inquirers to,

Yours respectfully,
J. SERGEANT, Bookseller, &c.

Price 3s. 6d.—7s.—Family Bottles (equal to 4 small), 10s. 6d., and double that size, 21s. per bottle.

* * * Each bottle of the genuine article has the words ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL engraved in two lines on the Wrapper; and on the back of the Wrapper nearly 1500 times, containing 29,028 letters.

Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

This day, New Edition, price 4s. 6d.

THE HISTORY of a SHIP from her CRADLE to her GRAVE.

By GRANDPA BEN.

With nearly 100 engravings, illustrative and explanatory.

The details of building and rigging the ship, and the stirring incidents of her career in siege, storm, battle, and wreck—all told in a familiar manner—make this book a general favourite among the juveniles. Every schoolboy is delighted with it.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Ackermann and Co.; Darton and Co.; and all Booksellers; or post free by Royal Treasury warrant on receipt of post-office order for 4s. 6d., payable to George Curling Hope, 58 Queen Street, Ramsgate.

GRAINS of INCENSE for the Paschal Candle, in Sets of Five, may be had of Mr. JONES, 63 Paternoster Row, and of Mr. DOLMAN, 61 New Bond Street.

Also, the SUPERIOR INCENSE, prepared from pure Frankincense, Oilbanum, and Benzoin, imported for this express purpose.

A. M. D. G.

"THE INTERESTING CASE."

"It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive."

Already advertised	£760 12 7½
Mrs. Hill, per card	0 8 0
Mr. James Coombes, per card	1 0 0
A Pious Friend, Spetchbury	2 0 0
A Friend	0 1 0
Proceeds of a game at "Pope," played in Oundle	0 3 0
Collected by Mr. Logan	0 2 6
A Poor Man	0 1 0
Friends to the Convent, per Rev. H. Rymer	2 10 0
Mr. S. Perry	1 7 0
—Hady, Esq., and Miss Hady	1 5 0
C. Morgan, Esq.	1 0 0
Miss O'Dwyer and a Friend, per Mrs. Goodrich	0 10 0
Miss Hodges, per Rev. Mother	2 0 0

What can be more important and necessary for the poor than education, and above all, a religious education? Alas! how many thousands upon thousands are there of poor Catholic children throughout the country deeply buried in ignorance and in vice, cast upon the wide world without a home, a parent, or a friend to console them and to instruct them? And thus they are exposed to be devoured by ravenous wolves; thus are they torn from the embraces of their loving and true Mother; thus, perhaps, they are eternally lost! Oh, what a sad and melancholy consideration is this! What an awful responsibility rests upon all Catholics who, having the means to remedy this crying evil, at least in a great measure, either refuse to do so or are lukewarm when called upon to assist those who are willing.

But while so many poor children are crying out unto us in the words of Holy Scripture, "Have pity on us—have pity on us, at least you my friends!" what a blessing that the "Christian Brothers" and many Nuns are their friends, all so zealously labouring in many places to educate them as far as their limited means will allow.

Now, dear reader, though we have no "Christian Brothers" at Northampton, yet we have the happiness of possessing a zealous band of fervent Nuns, whose sole pleasure and desire it is to dedicate themselves all the days of their life to the education of poor and ignorant females, &c. It is for these, then, that I earnestly beg a trifle from you during this sacred season of Lent; turn not a deaf ear to their cries, but be ye merciful. And if so, will you not share in the glory of those who "instruct others unto justice."

JOHN DALTON.

Bishop's House, Northampton.

P.S. Notice of Goods that have lately arrived for the Bazaar.

1. A steel-head Purse, made by a fervent Convert.
2. A beautiful silver-cased Memorandum Book, left by M. M. at Mr. Dolman's, New Bond Street.
3. A box of fancy goods from "A little old Woman in the North." I should much like to have the address of the donor.
4. A Collar and Purse, Chepstow.
5. A Gold Chain, by a Pious Friend to Religious Establishments. A nice little gold watch from some other kind friend would be very acceptable.
6. Two Bead-baskets and a "Man and Dog," cut out in paper by a sweet little fellow only eight years old.
7. One dozen beautiful D'Oyleys.
8. Two valuable Pincushions, from Derby.
9. Two elegant Bags, worked in silver and gold.
10. A small knitted Cap, sent from Birmingham.
11. Two beautiful "Savings" Banks, sent from Cheltenham per train.
12. Three Lace Borders, from Oxford.
13. "A Widow's Mite" arrived safe from Leeds.
14. Several magnificent "Dolls" are daily expected, as well as many valuable gifts in other ways.

I am exceedingly obliged to all our good benefactors, whose example, I trust, will be imitated by others also.

DALBETH HOUSE, near GLASGOW, for the EDUCATION OF GENTLEMEN'S SONS.

RESIDENT MASTERS.

Head Master—Rev. Alex. J. D'Orsey, High School of Glasgow.
Classical Tutor—Rev. J. Milner, B.A., Queen's Coll., Oxford.
Mathematical Tutor—Rev. W. E. Pooley, B.A., C.C. Coll., Camb.
French Tutor—Mons. Oscar Havet, from Paris.

VISITING MASTERS.

Drawing and Painting—Mr. J. B. Wandesford, Glasgow Academy.
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